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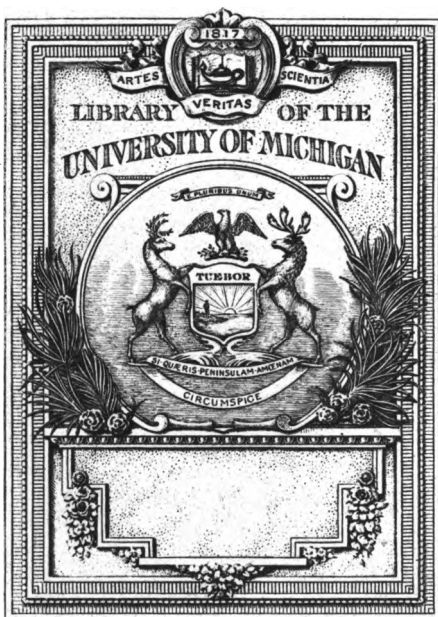
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VITULUS AUREUS:

T H E

GOLDEN CALF.



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VITULUS AUREUS:

T H E

GOLDEN CALF.

Or, A SUPPLEMENT to

Apuleius's GOLDEN ASS.

AN ENQUIRY *Physico-Critico-Patheologico-Moral* into the Nature and Efficacy of *GOLD*: The prodigious Changes it causes in the Minds of Men; so as sometimes to make a *Fool* become a *Man of Parts*, and a *Man of Parts* a *Fool*.

With the WONDERS of the

Psychoptic Looking-Glass,

Lately Invented by the AUTHOR,

JOAKIM PHILANDER, M.A.

*Consuluit melius qui præcipit ut facias rem
Si possis rectè, verum quocunque modo rem. HOR.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. COOPER, at the Globe in *Pater-
Noster-Row.* MDCCXXXIX.

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R544v



Encomiastick VERSES

Sent to the AUTHOR, on the
Perusal of the Manuscript.

To the most Ingenious Author of the
Psychoptick Looking-Glass.

W Hile others into Factions madly run,
Still striving to undo, or be undone:
Pursue the uppermost with envious Hate;
Revile and damn, what they wou'd fain
be at:

Thou, well-advis'd, by long Experience sage;
Stab'st with thy Pen the Follies of the Age.
Chearful and steady in the Worst of Times,
Friend to the Men, Foe only to their Crimes.
Go on; securely thro' each Station pass,
Shew them their Lives in thy Psychoptick-
Glass:

A 3

Their

ii Encomiaſtick V E R S E S.

*Their frantick Whims as whimſically treat,
Mark out the Methods to be truly Great,
But never touch the Myſteries of State.* }
E. T. LL.D.

To the Learned Mr. Joakim Philander
on his Pſychoptick Looking-Glaſs.

P E R M I T me, Sir, to ſhew what I
admire,
*Altho' enliven'd with unequal Fire,
Had I thy Wit and Senſe, I'd ſtrive to raiſe
An equal Monument unto thy Praise.
But thou all others do'ſt ſo far ſurpaſs,
Thou muſt be ſhewn in thy own Looking-
Glaſs :*
*While there we ſee the Soul's deformed Lines;
Thy own Perfection Eminently ſhines.*
O. O.

To his moſt eſteem'd Friend Mr. Joa-
kim Philander, on his Golden Calf.

C O U L D I believe Metemphychoſis :
*Why not, as well as what De Foe ſays?
I ſhould imagine Democrite
Had from Elyſium ta'en his Flight,
In thee once more to laugh and write.* }
J. Benwood,
Rector of Caldwell:

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T O

The P R I N T E R.

Mr. P R I N T E R,



Wou'd have you print this Treatise on very fine large Paper, in a fair Character, that any one may read it without Spectacles. But don't you whisper about the Town, nor cause your Tools and Agents to publish, That 'tis wrote by an Eminent Hand, if the Author wou'd but put his true Name to it; or even to give the least *Innuendo*, that he is a Friend of the *Dean's*, &c. because I woud have my Elaborate Works stand or fall by their own intrinsick Merit. But pray, what wou'd you mean by a true Name? Is not *Philander* a true Name? and as Honourable a Name as a Man can go by? Nay, and a Name that has appear'd in Print before now, *nec sine Laude*; for I presume you understand *Latin*, having had so many Books with *Latin* Titles pass thro' your Hands. But if you think,

B

that

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that *Philander* is a borrow'd Name, I'd have you to know, I scorn as much to go under a borrow'd Name, as, I shou'd be uneasy at several modern Authors borrowing mine; but I guess what you wou'd be at, well enough. You apprehend, a Book wrote by a new Author, as you may falsely suppose me to be, will not go off so well, as if it were wrote by an Author known to the Publick. But there's your Mistake now. For can any thing be more acceptable to the Publick, than Novelty? Does not the Town run mad after every thing that is New? What a Gaping is there after a new Equipage, and a new-fangled Fop in the midst of it? Why mayn't a new Author be as diverting to the Publick, as a new Farce? Nay, if one may compare great things with small, is not a new Member in one of the most August Assemblies in the World, heard with more Attention in his first Speech, than ever he will again? or than some who speech it every Sessions? Why therefore mayn't a new Author be read and bought, which is all you require, as well as an old One? In short, I am apt to think; if several Authors wou'd appear under a new Name, their Works wou'd go off much better. As for my Learning, I am sure that will appear sufficiently in the following Treatise: For I have several

Ex-

Exotick Expressions; a great many very hard Words; a Power of *Greek* and *Latin*: I abound with Terms of Art, like a true Adept; and give any just Reason for them as seldom as the rest of my Brethren of the Occult Sciences. In a Word, I am as unintelligible in some Places, as the greatest Doctor of them all.

As for my Acquaintance with the *Dean*, 'tis more than he knows; tho' he is the greatest Proficient in those same Sciences of any Man living: I wonder the Parliament did not except him out of the Act, in Favour of Conjurers. But tho' I have the greatest Veneration for him in the World, I know the *Dean* so well, that I am sure he wou'd have no Value for me, without intrinsick Merit, to recommend me.

But, Mr. *Printer*, I wou'd have you, nay order you to tell all the World, that there is nothing of *Party*, nor *Politicks* in the whole Work; not the least Squint at Government Matters from the Beginning to the End; which perhaps some wou't think a Commendation. Neither is it levelled at any particular Person, or Persons whatsoever: But only at Faults which are too common: There being no Person living, as I know of, with whom any one Character described in these Sheets will agree. Nor, in fine is it wrote with In-

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tent to depreciate any Dignity, Station, Calling, or Imployment of Life; but only against their respective Abuses; and that in a Ludicrous Way.

— *Ridentem dicere Verum,
Quid vetat?* —

Which I will *English* for you for once.

*What Harm is't, prithee, Printer, say;
To speak Truth in a jesting Way?*

But, as it is difficult to throw a Stone in a Crowd, without hitting some Body; if any one shou'd have a Pat, let him avoid following the Crowd hereafter. Let him but keep his own Counsel, and retiring into his Room, apply a Leaf or two of this Book to the fore Place, he will find a great Deal of Benefit. I am,

Mr. *Printer*,

Yours, &c.

JOAKIM PHILANDER.

A D-



ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE will shortly be Published a *Key* to this Work, with Notes by the Author. Wherefore let no one presume to tell, What's What, or Who's Who, till that comes out; or pretend to fasten any Character described herein, on any particular Person whatsoever. Neither will I allow any one to *imagine* himself meant by it, unless he really find himself guilty, nor unless it be for his Amendment; under Penalty of my future Indignation.

Given from my Laboratory of the Occult Sciences, the 9th Day of the 9th Month, of the 9th Year of my Discoveries.





VITULUS AUREUS.

CHAPTER I.

Explanation of the TITLE.



IS a common thing for Titles of Books to promise more in one single Page, than the Reader will find in the whole Performance. Nay, sometimes more than the acutest Logician can see the least Glimpse of in all the Arguments of the Author. Very often, besides the Man's Quarelling with his Subject, all the *Eclat* is in the Title. Of this many a Pastry-Cook's Oven is a flaming Instance. How often have I seen whole Volumes weigh'd in the Scales, and Condemn'd to Dress a Dinner, much better than the Author Got by writing them? What Numbers of *Free* Thoughts, even against Religion, as well as Lampoons

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against

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against the Government, have I known to fry under a Cheefecake, or a Pudding-Pye, almost as decently, as if they had been burnt by the Common Hangman? On which Account, I shall always have an Eye towards such terrifying Examples, and hope this useful Treatise, expressly calculated for the Benefit of my own Species, will avoid all such Inconveniences: The dreadful Catastrophe of so many Brothers of the Quill, shall make me *eschew* the Rocks on which they split, and keep me in a Prudential Timidity, lest the Beauteous Prospect of the Shore make me forget the Perils of the Passage.

I. *First* then, I shall endeavour to make this Treatise contain much more than is promised in the Title Page. If I am forced to Rake in Dunghills sometimes, I will try to Raise Flowers out of them. If I open old ulcerated Sores, I will apply a healing Plaister; and even communicate my Preservatives to my Patients for the Time to come. On the other Hand, I love my Soul, and my Neck too well, to lash at my God or my King. That Piece of Audacity, I leave to Free-Thinkers in Church and State. Besides, I have a natural Aversion for Fire; whether put in an Oven, or in a hotter Place. Nor do I care to see it blaze even in the open Air; or indeed any where out of a Chimney. So that I am
resolv'd

resolv'd to keep these poor Sheets from being sing'd, if I can: And to convince the World, that I am in earnest, I shall say nothing against Religion, Church or State: Nay further, have the Confidence to hope my Labours will be acceptable to the Publick, tho' there shou'd not be one Word of Treason or Impiety in them.

*Tantus Amor Patriæ & Splendentis
Gloria Veri.*

Which, for the sake of the Generality of my dear Countrymen, who are Strangers to any Language but their own, I will endeavour to do into *English* as well as I can. Thus.

Such Force has Loyalty and shining Truth.

II. But, lest the Title it self shou'd be a stumbling-Block to the sollicitous Reader; as I don't question but he sees something in it above the common; which, in many Authors, means nothing but being out of the Way. I will do my Best to make all Matters as plain as the Sublimity of the Subject will bear: Even as plain as the *Postulatum's* of our Modern Mathematicians, if the Reader will take the following Observations along with him.

If

If he ask first, why it is out of the common Road? It is to conform my self to the modern Taste. The beaten Paths of our Ancestors are so tiresome, that some People will venture, what shall I say Reputation? Nay, their Necks, Souls and all, but they will find a new one. An out-of-the-way Title may be as diverting to the Readers, as a Masquerade is to the Spectators. There may be Ends in both, tho' neither the Reader, nor Spectator knows what it is. How many fine Lords and Ladies put on very odd Dresses, to draw People to their Lure, when a bare-faced Beauty could not do't? sometimes the Outside of a Masquerader is the true Emblem of his Inside; but they wou'd not have People think so. I don't say my Views are the same with these out-of-the-way Gentry; nor will I allow every Body to tell what I mean. But as some Distempers must be cured by Stinks, while others must have the Pill gilded; so the Writer must adapt his Labours to the Humours of the Age. If these are extick, whimsical, and extravagant, his way of Treating them must be so too. The Reader therefore must shew his want of Taste, if he complains of the Oddness of the Title. What an old-fashion'd Taste, must a Man have, that can't like Plays without Nature or Humour: Rhimes without Wit: Songs, without understanding a Word;

Word: Human Creatures, neither Men, nor Women: Voices like the squeaking of Piggs, or a *Scotch* Bagpipe: Dancing, without knowing whether you make your Honours to a Duke or a Footman, a Ducheſs, or a W-re: Breeding without Common Humanity: Viſiting without Converſation, Converſation without Learning, or Common Senſe; Enjoyment without Love; and Marriage without either. I cou'd reckon up a great many other *Withouts*: But theſe are ſufficient, that a Man muſt be without Taſte, if he can't approve of a great many things our wiſe Anceſtors wou'd have thought without all Reaſon:

II. But to deſcend more particularly to the Explanation of the Title. The Two *Latin* Words at the Top are literally expounded by the two following *Engliſh* ones. *viz.* the *Golden Calf*, which is as pat as poſſible to the ſubject *Matter*. Becauſe I ſpeak all along of the wonderful Force and Efficacy of Gold; with the ſtrange Changes it cauſes in the Natures and Conſtitutions of Men. We know it made one of the moſt religious Nations in the World fall down and worſhip the moſt ſtupid of Animals. 'Twas, without doubt, becauſe it appear'd in the Luſtre of that ſhining Metal; and in theſe more refin'd Ages continues to be the true Object of Re-

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Religious Worship, with a great many People, to this very Day, in spite of all the learned Arguments of the Free-Thinkers against the Being of any Religion. Nay, I verily believe, the Free-Thinkers themselves, in such Cases, wou'd become Rank Idolaters. But be that as it will, 'twere to doubt of my Reader's Capacity, to imagine he did not see the Connexion between that Part of the Title and the Context. 'Tis true, I had once some Thoughts of giving it the Title of *Asinus Aureus*; but my Elder Brother, who went by the Name of *Apuleius*, had stole that Thought a great many Years ago. So that tho' the way of treating it may be new, the Matter is not: And has employ'd the Pens of several Great Men before now— Very well, you will say: But, why in *Latin*? It cannot be a Man of Taste, that asks such a Question. Is it not perfectly *Mody* to have a *Latin* Title to an *English* Book? And must be almost as proper, as to have an *English* Title to a *Latin* one. I thought once to have put a *Greek*, Word at the Top of all, or at least a compound Word, half *Greek*, half *Latin*, mightily in Practice with my Brethren of the *Rapeutick* Faculty; for you must know, I belong to one of the Classes of *Pharmacy*. At the worst, 'tis but giving it an *English* Termination; and then by the Help of an *Ety-*

Etymologicon, every body may understand it as well as themselves.

*And when with greatest Art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.*

H U D:

But we must take particular Care not to depreciate Terms of Art; otherwise we might destroy great part of our Modern Sciences; or at least spoil the Business of the Teachers. How cou'd Lawyers puzzle Causes without such Terms? how cou'd Physicians gull their Patients, if they knew what they said or took? In short, the more hard Words, the more fashionable Terms of Art, can never cause any *Ataxy* in the *Pphraseology*, whatever they may do in the Ideal System. I must tell my Readers then, in the Language of the *Adepti*, that I design this Work as a *Pharmacopeia* for all the *Sphalmata* of the Intellectual OEconomy. I shou'd have put it in *Greek* Characters for the Conveniency of my Readers; but I hope they will excuse it. However, one may see with half an Eye, that such Words are necessary, and so learnedly unintelligible, that there is scarce a publick Advertisement without them. No wonder, that your *Virtuosi*, and Great *Adepti* of all Faculties, when they are to converse with Persons of all

De-

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Degrees and Sexes, can hardly speak not to be understood, without some such Words coming in to their Aid. N. B. Great Scholars, as well as Great Personages, shou'd not be always understood.

I had like to have forgot one material Reason why Proficients in any scientific Faculty, ought very often to speak in an unknown Tongue. For how cou'd the Reader know, that an Author was so learned, or understood different Languages, unless he told us so, or shew'd it in his Works? For Instance, how shou'd we know, that the very Aliment we take, the Physick we swallow, the Gripes and Stools caus'd by that same Physick, &c. I say, how shou'd we know, that all these Operations were form'd by the Laws of *Attraction*; or that Distempers come on by *Algebra* (tho' they can't tell us so well how they go off) or, in fine, that the Doctor understands that Science, if some of them did not take the Pains to tell us so? But when he has made Persons sensible of the Profundity of his Knowledge,

*Pondus adest Verbis, & Natum Fata
sequuntur.*

STATIUS.

Para-

Paraphras'd thus.

*With Awful Phiz he stalks into the
Room,
Heavy his Words, and Nods decide your
Doom.*

All this is said only by way of *Simile*, and Illustration of the Subject. Here some Persons will be apt to imagine, that I have a particular Attachment to Physicians: But they will find themselves mistaken; and if they will but suspend their Judgments, they will soon be apprised that I shan't be partial to any one Calling or Station of Life.

III. If Persons ask further, why I have so many *Or's* in the Frontispice, like so many different Titles? Which is as much as to say; or That, or What you please? Why truly the Reason is, because 'tis the Fashion for almost every Book that comes out, to have two Titles at least. So, I thought the more Titles, the more fashionable. Besides, I am confident, I have seen some Books, that requir'd different Titles from what they bore, and tho' perhaps they wou'd not do better, with other Titles, they wou'd not be quite so bad with new ones. 'Tis pity but some Publick Officers were commission'd to make Notes on every Book

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Book that comes out : 'Twou'd be of vast Help to the anxious Reader : Or, I wonder, my very much esteem'd Brother *Martinus Scriblerus*, does not add his learned Annotations to more Books than he does. Then we shou'd have some Meaning in them. I own him to be a greater Proficient in the Occult Sciences, than myself; and will allow him alone to make any further Notes on my Works.

ADVERTISEMENT.

GIVEN Gratis at my *Laboratory*, A Short Method to teach Authors how to adapt Books to their Titles; or Titles to the Books: Shewing that the best way, till they have learnt this Art, is not to write at all, or at the worst, to turn Criticks.

IV. That long hard Word *Physico-Critico-Patheologico-Moral* (for 'tis all but one poor Adjective, that cannot stand by it self, notwithstanding it has so many Legs) is the Tip-top of the Fashion; which, for the Reader's Satisfaction, shall be expounded as to all its Members. Of the two Half-words, *Physico-Moral*, the one half signifies *Natural*, the other *Instructive*. There is nothing extraordinary in them taken apart; but being made one Word, are very expressive. In short, I mean, that this Enquiry

quiry is both Natural and Instructive. Natural, because it dives into the Reasons and Causes, why such strange Changes are wrought in the Natures of Men by a great Estate. Instructive, because it teaches others as well as my self, not to be surpriz'd at the various Alterations in the Dispositions and Behaviour of Persons round about us, when we see the evident Reasons and Causes from whence such Alterations are deriv'd. For Example : Here's a Person with whom you were once upon the Level, as to the Goods of Fortune ; but perhaps much superior in all other Qualifications, both Natural and Acquir'd. You took him to be a good honest well-meaning Companion ; but far enough from being a Conjuror. On a sudden, you find this very same individual numerical Man, speaking Sentences like a Philosopher. Whatever he says is deliver'd with an Air : You shall hear him Discourse, Reason, Argue, Judge, and pass a definitive Sentence on Points of Learning, Divinity, Controversy, History, Poetry, Politicks, and what not. You are strangely surpriz'd at all this ; and why so ? 'Tis because you have not read this Treatise, by which you will see, that all this is but the Consequence of having a great Estate. Here is another, who was your intimate Friend : You thought him good-humour'd ; a Man of Sense ; one that had

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seen

seen the World; of a free and easy Conversation; with Learning enough for a Gentleman, and Judgment enough not to be Pedantick. In short, one, that you hoped might be a Credit to his Country, and a Comfort to his Neighbours, if ever he came into Possession of the Estate he was in Prospect of. There's your Mistake now: For no sooner is he got into his Gilt Chariot, with his Equipage about him, but he becomes Proud, Haughty, Disdainful, Forgetful of all former Obligations; nay, your Enemy too, if those have been very Great: Morose, Imperious, Whimsical to an Extravagancy; aping Quality to Ridiculousness; in a Word, as much a Coxcomb as Pride, Self-complaisancy, and Self-sufficiency can make him. Upon this you begin to be ashamed of your Judgment, to be so much mistaken in your Man. But there you are out again. The Man was really what you took him to be then; and is really what you see him to be now. 'Tis Gold has wrought this amazing Change. The Reason why it must be so, you will see afterwards. In the same manner this Treatise is call'd *Critico*, and *Patheologico-Moral*; because it endeavours to rectify the Judgments and Passions of my Fellow-Creatures. Or, if that can't be done, to shew the various Causes and Effects of them, that we may not stand gaping at such new
Meta-

Metamorphoses, like Boys at a new Sign-post; and practically convince the World, that Admiration is the Child of Ignorance.

V. When I enquire into the Reasons, why a great Estate makes a Fool become a Man of Parts, &c. I don't mean a mere Idiot or Driveller, who scarce knows the Difference between a Guinea and a Counter; a gilt Coach, and a Gew-gaw. Tho' a great Estate can work Wonders even in that Respect. Every one knows that there are such strange things effected by the mere Force of Gold: For it not only alters the Property of the Possessor, as most of our Lawyers will be my Vouchers; who know very well that Gold will give a Man Right to what he had not before; but it also gives a new Turn to the Ideas and Behaviour of all about us. Whether it be, that the Brightness of that Glorious Metal sets all things in a new Light, and opens the Eyes of the Beholders to what they cou'd not see before; or whether by the Excellency of its Nature, as being the most perfect of all Metals, by an unaccountable Sympathy, it renders all those excellent in their respective Degrees, who are in Possession of it: I mean in a considerable Quantity. For a small Quantity makes but a very insignificant Change. I my self have had some Guineas, or so, by me, but cou'd never experience that Effect it has upon

those who are Masters of vast Sums. But be that as it will, I don't mean, I say, your mere Fools and Ideots, who are thus metamorphosed, provided there shou'd be Examples of that Kind; but I take the Word *Fool* in a larger Sense; and mean *Fools* of the *Better Sort*.

I suppose 'tis out of Dispute that there are Fools of all Degrees; as the *Wise Fool*, the *Learned Fool*, the *Rich Fool*, the *State Fool*, the *Politick Fool*, the Fool of *Quality*, the Fool in Fashion, the Fool *out of Fashion*, the *Talking Fool*, the *Silent Fool*, the *Loving Fool*, the *Scribbling Fool*, in which Rank some may place my self; the Fool turn'd *Critick*, &c. The Reason is obvious: Because, as there is a Mob of all Degrees and Callings of Life, *Seneca* says, there is a Mob of *Titles*, as well as the clouted Shoe; there is a Mob of Statesmen, a Mob of Politicians, a Mob of Divines, a Mob of Lawyers, a Mob of Physicians, a Mob of Newsmongers, a Mob of Poets, a Mob of Authors, &c. who are all govern'd and led in their Opinions and Sentiments, just as other Mobs are, that Wise Men may make of them to gain their respective Ends; so 'tis requisite there shou'd be Fools of all Sorts, in which there is something of Providence; for if all Men were equally wise, how many great and glorious Designs would be lost, for Want
of

of proper Instruments to bring them to bear? Not that any of these will think themselves Fools, particularly your Fools of Fortune; for who ever saw a Man of a great Estate but he thought himself infinitely wiser, than all those that move in an inferior Orb? All this is said, to shew, that the Word *Fool* is not always taken in so strict a Sense as to signify a mere Driveller; but in a much more extensive Acceptation.

VI. To leave nothing unexplain'd, by a great Estate I mean any great and extraordinary Addition to their Fortune, Quality, &c. For Instance, when a Country Bumkin becomes a Squire; a Squire a Knight, a Knight a Lord, and the like: Tho' Gold has the most visible Effect, and the most remarkable *Metamorphosis* is generally made at the first Advancement. As when a Person of very mean Parts and Fortune, who might have been look'd upon as a mere Numskul, or at the best, but a mere Humdrum, as soon as some 'Thousands a Year dropt in its Mouth, is immediately metamorphosed into a Man of Parts, to the Wonder of many People.

VII. There is one thing I can't chuse but touch upon, before I leave this Article; which is, that your truly wise and virtuous Man (for who can be truly wise without being virtuous?) suffers very little or no Change in the Alteration of his

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Fortune : Neither Riches nor Grandeur seem to have any Influence on his Conduct, unless it be to make him more beneficent to his own Species, and to keep up a just Decorum with respect to his State and Quality. Those likewise, who are descended from antient and noble Families, generally speaking, are less liable to such Changes; unless some spurious Plant has been grafted on the Stock. For I have so much Veneration for Antient Blood, that when I see a Person signally degenerate from the Worth of his supposed Ancestors, I charitably imagine there has been some Flaw in the Cannel, by which some vitiated Stream has crept in. But the Conveyancer must answer for that. However, being extremely curious of my own Nature, I shall endeavour at the latter End of this Treatise, to give the Reasons why the Accession of a great Fortune makes a very inconsiderable Change in a Man that is truly Wise and Virtuous.

VIII. The Two *Latin* Verses at the Bottom of the Title is also very fashionable with Polite Writers; and contain in Substance, that very well known, and at the same Time incomparable Piece of Advice of a Father to his Son. Son, says he, *get Money; Honestly if thou canst; But be sure get Money.* Or, in Rhyme, thus.

Be

Be honest, if it suits your Interest;
 But let not Qualms and Scruples seize
 your Breast;
 Just, or unjust, the readiest Way's
 the best.

A Precept of vast Utility in the Conduct of Life, as will be seen in the Body of this Treatise. The chief Difference, with Respect to our modern *Fathers*, is, that they leave out the Word *Honestly*, as superfluous in modern Practice. Brevity and Expedition is the chief Rule: A Man is not clever in his Business, who cannot raise a Fortune in a few Years, greater than their laborious Ancestors tugg'd at the Oar for all their Lives.

IX. I must beg the Reader's Pardon, if I trespass on the Rule of Brevity for once, and seem a little long in the foregoing Explanation. Because Authors shou'd have a particular Care, that the Subject of their laborious Lucubrations be rightly understood; which I my self, with all my Perpicacity, have been at a Loss to find out. 'Tis also my Opinion, that Authors themselves are the most proper Persons to make Observations on their Works. For who but themselves can tell, what their Meaning is; where it is, or whether there is any Meaning at all? Now for the Matter in Hand.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I Make bold to recommend to the Publick a new Project sent to me for my Approbation, in which the Author proposes a Method to make the *Freethinkers* as great Bigots for Religion, as the most zealous Fanatick. *N. B.* This Method will serve for any Religion, as well as Christianity.

C H A P. II.

The Matter of Fact allow'd, or ought to be allow'd by all Hands.

I Might take it as a *Postulatum* allow'd by all, that the Matter of Fact, and Ground-work of this Enquiry is past all Dispute; *viz.* That a Great Estate, or Great Riches, and sometimes great Dignities, do work those wonderful Changes in the Natures and Constitutions of Men. I cou'd prove it, by appealing to every one's proper Experience, who has but his Eyes in his Head, or is capable of the least Observation; and that too in all Countries, States and Nations. Who can be ignorant

rant of this notorious Truth? Don't we see these amazing Changes wrought every Day before our Eyes? It wou'd be *plena Luce cacutire*, to grope at Mid-Day, to call it in Question. I cou'd prove it from the general Practice and Behaviour of Men towards such Persons, who are thus Metamorphos'd. Don't we see Men of the best Sense, Learning, Breeding, Knowledge of the World; Persons of the highest Rank and Dignity in Life, even Constituted in the most sacred Functions, pay the most Distinguishing Respect and Deference to those who have but this All-dignifyng, I might almost say, Deifying Quality, that is, Riches, to recommend them? Let them have been what you please, or acquired them by what Means you please? I have been told, 'tis customary with Persons of the first Rank in a very polite, and learned Neighbouring Nation, when any Stranger of Figure comes into Company, to ask the following Questions: Who is that Gentleman there? 'Tis answer'd, such a one. Is he a Nobleman? Yes. Hem! Is he Rich? Yes, a Man of a vast Estate. Immediately he drops his lower Lip with an Air! He's a Gallant Man! As soon as ever they are inform'd that the Man has a Great Estate; they ask no further Questions; being too wise not to know that he has all other Qualifications. If you look over the Histories;

tories, Customs and Practices of antient Times, you will find the Behaviour of Men to have been the same. Now, for my Part, I can't, for my Life, arraign the Judgments of my Fellow-Creatures, especially when they are so universal, but must think that Gold does really give them those shining Qualities attributed to them on that Account.

I am, I thank my Stars, frequently admitted into the best of Companies; and being naturally a Man of very great Observation, I generally remarked, that the Richest Man in the respective Company always spoke the best; at least, his Judgment was deliver'd with a more decisive Air, and always most applauded. Once particularly, I remember I was at an Entertainment, where there was a *great deal* of very bright Company. There was a flaming fine well-bred Gentleman who said little, for all his fine Cloaths; a Lawyer, a Physician, an Historian, a Poet, a Philosopher, a Divine, and a Critick. The Reason why I name the Critick in the last Place, as being the most honourable, is, because when a Person once comes to commence Critick, he is at the Tip-top of all Sciences, as is evident by his censuring all others. At the Head of the Board sat a Person, who before he was in Possession, of the vast Estate he was then Master of,

was

was a real Gem hid in the Dunghill; where nothing cou'd be discover'd but mere Rubbish, till he was drawn out, and set in Gold. One may very rationally suppose there were a great many nice and learned Points canvass'd over in this bright Assembly. 'Tis natural to imagine that the greatest Deference in the Decision was paid to the Judgment of the most eminent in their proper Sciences. As of Divinity, to the Divine; of Philosophy, to the Philosopher; of History, to the Historian, &c. Nothing of all this: They all appeal'd to the Judgment of the Rich, Fool, that was, but now the Wisest Man at the Head of the Board. Nay, the Critick, who one might think would have been Nibbling at what others advanced, was the first Man that cry'd out, Gentlemen, Do ye hear what Sir *Gosling Trelooby* says? The Poet seconded him: Then the Divine, and last of all, the Lawyer, who still retain'd some Authority over him, as having been instrumental in getting him his Estate. Only the Philosopher, a stubborn jangling, disputing Fellow, who hates all Authority above his own Reason, began to call the Oracle in Question, and refus'd to yield 'at first: Nay, presum'd to ask, how a Man, who had never been educated in any of those Sciences, cou'd pretend to be a competent Judge. But they soon

soon stopt his Mouth, and wou'd have hiss'd him out of the Company, if he had not acquiesc'd as well as the rest.

A DIGRESSION

Concerning my Self.

TIS possible the Reader may be curious to know what Character I bore in this August Assembly? Whether that of the Lawyer, Poet, Critick, Physician, Historian, Philosopher, or Divine? Or, may be, that of the fine Gentleman? Why, really to tell him the Truth of it, since this will be the properest Place to speak of myself, I was the Philosopher, who had the ill Manners to be of my own Opinion against the Authority of the whole Board, and did not, as yet, see the Force of Sir *Gosling's* Golden way of Reasoning: Tho' I have alter'd my System since, as all wise Men ought to do, when Truth is set in so glaring a Lustre. But to give the Reader a short Account of myself, as other great Writers have done before me, I let him know, that when I had finish'd my Studies in the University, I consider'd with myself what further Employment I shou'd chuse in the different States of Life: A Liberal one I mean, for I was above all Mechanicks. As for the fine Gentleman, my squat and clumsy Shape wou'd not let me

me aim at such a Character : Tho' I have known some as ill put together as myself, not only Dress at it, but really thought themselves so. Besides, I loved Books, and to improve myself in Discourse on different Subjects proper for the Company, which does not come into the Composition of our modern fine Gentlemen. However, I am descended of a very ancient Family, and I believe have had some Knights in it too : Whether they were Gentlemen or not, I can't tell : That's no more Essential to a Knight, than to a Lord : I am also a younger Brother, and by that have a better Title than some others ; yet I had Sense enough to see, that I was never cut out for a fine Gentleman. For tho' Affability, Courtesy, Modesty, Humility, a generous and obliging Temper, a sort of Tenderneſs in Behaviour and Conversation, not to give any Offence to the meanest Person : In short, all the Polite Qualifications of the Mind, rather than the Body, are the chief Ingredients in the Composition of a fine Gentleman ; yet the outward Aspect and Address, a *Belle Mien*, fine Linnen, Laced Cloaths, with a certain Air of Assurance coming into Company, is all the Generality of the World thinks necessary for such a Character : Which, as I said, neither my Size nor Shape, nor Inclinations, nor my awkward, blushing, cross-shaped
Face

Face wou'd allow. Not that I think fine Cloaths, and a studied Address of the Body, without the Imbellishments of the Mind, can make any more than a well-dress'd Brute, yet they are the chief, if not all the Ornaments of a fine Gentleman, according to the Modern *Taste*, which is a Term extreamly proper in such Descriptions; as it is a Metaphor deriv'd from the Sensual Faculty, more than the Rational; and belongs to fine Brutes, as well as fine Gentlemen. Besides, I have a confounded Leer and Squint with one of my Eyes; that when Persons think I am looking one way, I am looking quite the contrary. Why that shou'd be a greater Defect, than Talking one way, and Thinking another, I can't tell. But 'tis not the present Taste. But *à Propos* of Tastes, Tho' there are a great many very out-of-the-way Tastes in the World, too many to reckon up here, there is one extreamly observable in Persons of the first Rank, quite different from that of our Ancestors. For, whereas heretofore it was look'd upon more agreeable to Human Nature, as well as the Order of Providence, that Persons of more elvated Fortunes, and enrich'd with the Blessings of Heaven, above the common, shou'd be proportionably more generous, more humane and beneficent to their own Species, more compassionate and

con-

condescending to the Wants and Necessities of others, as they had greater Means to do it; without being obliged to those baser Ways, of sharpening Biting, Squeezing and Grinding their Inferiors, as Persons of narrower Fortunes think they may be allow'd to do: But now *Sharp's* the Word every where; and 'tis a common thing to see Persons of a very eminent Figure Pride themselves in a *Clean Bite*, as much as a Pick-Pocket in cutting a Man's Purse with the Owner's Hand in it. Is it, that the World grows wiser, that is, sharper, every Day than other? Or have we learnt it of our Northern Countrymen? Perhaps out of a laudable Emulation of excelling in all kinds. 'Tis possible also, such Inclinations may run in the Blood; as taking more after one Parent than another: And 'tis commendable to build upon one's Paternal Foundation. But,

To return to myself. As for the Law; tho' 'tis a most expeditious way to convey another Man's Estate into one's own Pocket, and I had a great many eminent Examples before me; I knew I shou'd never be proper for that Calling. 'Tis true I had a good tolerable Education: I cou'd see what I might do, as well as another, by the same ways and Means too: But I cou'd never blow hot and cold with one Breath: And tho' Nature had given me two Hands to

to receive Money on both Sides; yet she had given me but one Face. Neither for the Life of me, cou'd I make the one Side of it look like a Rogue, and t'other like an Honest Man; which must be the *Case* sometimes.

As for Poetry, I own, 'tis a pretty Jingling Trade, and has great Influence over Women and Children; nay, I have known some Ladies of Birth and Fortune Conjur'd by it out of their Fathers Houses into a Garret: Even Persons of the highest Dignities are strangely tickled with it. But it soon tires us, like the Chimes in the *Flemish* Churches, or the *Italian Trillo*, that makes so much Money trill out of this Nation. But what gave me the greatest Aversion, was to see Poets of all Ages so impudently lavish of their Praises, that the Nymphs of *Drury* can't be greater Prostitutes of their Honour, than Poets are of their Verses.

I had too much of Religion in me to be a Physician, and was too squeamish to be poring in Close-stools and Urinals. I cou'd not find in my Heart, to take a Man's Money for Ruining his Constitution; a Case that often happens in the *Praxis*. Besides the Slavery of Swearing to the *Ipse-Dixits* of some Great Doctor in Vogue, and running the Lengths of his Practice against my own Knowledge and Conscience. In short, I
had

had an odd Whimsical Notion of my own,
That it was better to save a Man contrary
to Form, than to kill him *secundum Ar-*
tem: Which is down-right Heresy in the
Non-Naturals.

History indeed bears a noble Character:
But then it requires a great many neces-
sary Conditions, quite out of Fashion,
and even dangerous to the Historian. That
is, Truth, Sincerity, Impartiality, and Dis-
interestedness in what he writes; a generous
Freedom in laying open every thing as it
was acted, without leaning to one Side or
t'other: With all the secret Springs of
Events, serving to the Illustration of the
Subject, and the Information of Posterity.
A History wrote with this Spirit, might
be valuable in it self; but then it yields
no Profit, till after one's dead. On the con-
trary, one may pay dear for Truth, instead
of being paid for it. Such as are now gene-
rally call'd Histories, especially of the *Liv-*
ing, are all Satires or Panegyricks; and
to leave a History of one's *own Times* behind
one, may make a Man blush beyond the
Grave, tho' he never did it before.

I always had a most profound Vene-
ration for *Criticism*. But a Critick (in
Learning I mean, not in Morals) is above
my Capacity. For I am of Opinion, that
without a prodigious Stock of Learning,
there is no Medium between a Critick and

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a Cox

a Coxcomb. And to take the Word by way of Similitude, which I am a little fond of, by a Cox-comb, I will understand the Comb of a Cock. For as a Cock's Comb is above the Cock's Head, so a Critick is above all Learning: As a Cock's or Cox-comb often swells and looks very sanguine, tho' it be but a spongy sort of a Substance, just so does a Critick. As a Cock's Comb is only an Excrecence of the Cock's Head; so are a great many Criticisms, but Emuncenges of the Critick's Brain: As a Cock's Comb may be pared off, and thrown away, without any Damage to the Animal; so may a great many Criticisms. In few Words, to vary the Phrase, for fear of tiring my Reader, as Abundance of Criticisms, when they are shot forth of the Critick's *Pericranium*, are good for nothing, but to make a Flourish to his Learning; so Cocks Combs when they are cut off, are chiefly proper to garnish a Dish, or, make a Ragout for Persons of Quality.

I can't deny but my Inclinations leaned very much towards Divinity; as it has a great Connexion with Philosophy. The Science is Sublime, Instructive and Inexhaustible: The Professors of it, who are generally Churchmen, I respect and revere with all the Powers of my Soul. Church Preferments and Prelatures have something of sacred and venerable in them.

But

But then they draw a great many heavy Obligations after them, I was afraid I shou'd not comply with. I knew a bad Churchman was the Highest Scandal; that a great many distinguishing and difficult Qualities were required to make a good one: That their Light was to shine forth to all, as well by their Example as Character; but above all, the glaring Temptation of Dignities, and a fat Benefice, instead of inviting me, rather terrified me from it, for fear I shou'd be drawn into any scandalous Prevarications, or unseemly, hypocritical Complaints, in order to obtain it. For, thought I, where so many Great and Able Pillars of the Church have been shook, 'tis a Presumption in me to pretend to stand: So truly I turn'd my Mind wholly to Philosophy, as the most safe and innocent Occupation of Life. And who knows, but in Reward of my sincere and upright Intentions, Providence has enlighten'd me with those wonderful Discoveries, as well be seen in the Sequel of this Treatise.

This Digressive Account I thought proper to give of myself, as modestly as such a nice Subject will bear, and with Safety to Truth at the same time. I judg'd it to be more necessary in such a useful and Catholick Work as this. Since it is so difficult to know any thing certain of an

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Author by his Writings, either as to his Calling, Conduct of Life, Morals, Principles, &c. unless he gives an Impartial Account of himself, as I have done. Moreover I must acquaint the Reader once for all, that I shall not tye myself up very strictly to any particular Subject, but shall excurr into several Digressions, as occasion shall offer: Nay, may let off a Pun now and then, if it will make my Hints more observed: For since I write merely for the Good of my Fellow-Creatures, I may surely be allow'd to follow my own Method, with that noble and generous Freedom, as is required in Authors of my Character. I tell the Reader therefore, with *Horace*,

Quicquid agunt Homines, nostri est Farrago Libelli.

Which, because Translations are commonly nothing but Paraphrases, may be done thus.

*The vicious Tumours in the Minds of Men
I'll gently open with my friendly Pen.*

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

Continuation of the Proofs for the Matter of Fact.

LEST the Reader shou'd mistake the least Point in this momentous Subject, I make bold to put him in Mind of what was said in the Beginning of the last Chapter, that I might very well pre-suppose, the Matter of Fact which makes the Ground of this Enquiry, to be past all Dispute : Otherwise, as was observed, we must arraign the Judgment of almost all Men, and Nations, who generally give the Preheminence to the Man of the heaviest Purse. I might add, of all Antiquity too : For no one, that has the least Taste of antient Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, can be ignorant of it. Poets, Orators, Historians, and even some Philosophers, unanimously concur in shewing, or rather pre-supposing, that 'tis Money, that sets a Man above the Level of his Fellow-Creatures. Beside innumerable Examples easy enough to be produc'd, if need were. Why have the greatest Monsters in Nature been adored and deified by their Followers, but because they cou'd shower down Riches upon them ? Why have the most eminent Men in all Professions prostituted their Characters,

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and

and the most sacred things, to the Passions of a Favourite Slave, but to get Money? and why to get Money? But because they knew, when they had Money they had all things. Without this embellishing Ornament all their other good Qualities are lost; or so clouded for want of the Rays of Gold, they are scarce discernible. The first and happiest Age of the World was call'd the *Golden Age*; because no other Epithet could express so emphatically the Perfection of it. The first new Object of Religious Worship, was dress'd up in that adorable Metal. Then for the *Greeks* and *Latins*, this Hypothesis was esteem'd so just and natural, that it became a Proverb, or rather an unquestionable Axiom, that Money gave Wisdom, Learning, Beauty, Quality, Prerogative, every thing, in fine, that is desirable by Men.

Here, with my Reader's Leave, I must intersperse a little *Greek* and *Latin*; not so much to shew my Learning (tho' that may be allow'd) as for other Reasons to be given by and by. I am very well apprised, 'tis not quite so fashionable, as it was when I was a young Author. About half an Age ago, it was so much in Vogue, that I have seen in very eminent Authors, one Part of a Sentence in *English*, and t'other in *Greek* and *Latin*; and sometimes in both. Nay, I have read Dedications, where the Sub-

Substantive denoting the Accomplish'd Patron, has been in one Language, and the Encomiastick Epithet in another. I suppose they imagin'd, that one Language is more expressive, or at least more elegant than another. Thus Persons, who have travell'd into foreign Countries, particularly into *France*. and *Italy*, bring home a great many elegant Expressions, which our dull *English* Dialect won't come up to. How much prettier is it, when one can't express the Excellency of a Thing to say, there is a *Je ne sçay Quoi*, or a *Non se* in it, than to say there is, *I know not what?* which every body fees, contains a vast deal of Meaning in it. How much more expressive is a *Double-Entendre*, than a double Meaning? How much more politely does it sound, to say such a one has made *The Tour of France*, than to say he has seen all *France*, and the like? By which there hangs a good Jest enough. A Person was saying in Company, that my Lord such-a-one had made the *Tour of France*, which an honest *Englishman* understood as if he had made, that is, built a *Tower* in *France*; and answer'd, he had better have made one at Home; for the North Tower of his House was fallen down. However, in the present Case, 'tis almost necessary to bring a little *Greek* and *Latin*, because I am going to prove my Point by *Proverbs* and

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Axioms; which all Languages have peculiar to themselves, and are infinitely more beautiful in their proper Idioms; but shall translate them, as I go, for the Benefit of every Reader.

Well then, as I was saying, the Antient *Greeks* and *Romans* were so possess'd of the Truth of the Fact, on which this Enquiry is grounded, that it became a Standing Axiom with them, that *Money gave all Things*. *Αργυρίῳ ὑποτάσσεται πάντα*, says the *Greek*: Which being a Piece of a *Greek* Verse, may be express'd in the following *English* Couplet.

*To Mighty Money all things must submit,
It gives you Learning, Quality and Wit.*

That this is the Sense, is evident, from the Word *πάντα* in the Neuter Gender, not *πάντες* in the Masculine; and, by Consequence, must mean that all Qualifications of Mind and Body, as well as all Persons, are subjected to Money: 'Tis that All-powerful Goddess, according to this Axiom, that gives you all things. Another Axiom is,

Αργυρίοις λογχάϊσι μάχεσθαι πάντα κερήσεις,

*Brandish the Golden Spear, and all will
yield,*

*You Sweep the envy'd Trophies of the Field.
Where*

Where the Word *all* is still express'd by *πάντα*, all Things, as well as Persons. And indeed the whole *Greek* is so expressive, that it wou'd require a Volume to enlarge upon't. But the great Force and Energy is not only in the Word *μαχη*, Fight, but in the Weapons with which you are to fight. *i. e.* with Silver, or Golden Darts: For we have seen a great many Examples, where cold Iron, or even Muskets and Cannons, could not prevail, Gold has carried all before it. But to contain myself within my own Subject: How many young Gentlemen have I seen, when I was at the University, fighting in a Literal Sense, with the Muses, and with their Authors, till they have dash'd them against the Desks, and trod them under their Feet for mere Madness and Vexation, yet cou'd never squeeze one Scrap of Learning out of them. The Masters themselves have thrown them at their Scholars Head for a *Memorandum*, but all wou'd not do, till some rich Uncle had left them a City Plumb, or some great Estate had fallen to them; then they became the brightest Men in their respective Classes, not only in their own Eyes, but in the Judgments of the very Masters; and had their great Talents display'd in Panegyrics and Dedications for the Example and Encouragement of Persons in the like Circumstances. So much for the *Greek*; from whence

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whence I presume two Quotations will be abundantly sufficient. Since great Authors ought to have some Deference paid to their Authority, without being obliged to prove every thing they advance. For which Reason I shall only quote two *Latin* Axioms to tally with them, and two *English* ones out of Respect to my own Country. The *Latin* ones are, •

Et Genus & Formam Regina Pecunia donat.

*Money that Royal Queen commands all
Charms,
And gives you Beauty with your Coat of
Arms.*

Or thus,

*Money can make the blackest Dowdy fair,
And turn a Groom into a Knight or
Squire.*

The other Axiom is,

*Quantum quisque sua nummorum claudit
in Arca.
Tantum habet & fidei —*

Which, because my Vein of Poetry is almost run out, signifies, that the Weight of a Man's Judgment is just equal to that of his Purse. Which is neatly express'd by the Immortal *Hudibras*. *What*

*What is Worth in any Thing
But as much Money as 'twill bring ?*

If the Sense does not tally exactly, it looks the same Way ; and I am sure I have seen Quotations out of very great Authors much less to the Purpose. However, this is one of the *English* Axioms I promised to alledge, in Confirmation of what I advance. If the Reader does not see what I mean, I do ; and that's more than every Author can say. Not but this Axiom has a double Meaning in't : The most obvious is, that all your good Qualities are not worth a Rush, unless you can get Money by them. This every Body knows. The other is, that 'tis Money that recommends a Man, and makes him famous in any Science. This Truth is equally as certain as t'other. How excellent in their kind are all the Works put out by *Great*, that is, Rich Men, or at least Men of great Dignities, when compar'd with Authors of less Note ? What Weight all their Reasons carry along with them ? And how insignificant wou'd they appear, if they had been publish'd by another Hand ? What Man in his Senses wou'd not condemn that foolish Philosopher, who chose to be sent to the Mines, rather than approve of the Verses of *Dionysius* ? Or applaud that noble *Roman*, who told his
Empe-

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Emperor, he wou'd never contend in Wit, with a Man that commanded so many Legions? If Persons wou'd but follow this wise Example, all our Satires wou'd give place to softening Panegyricks; and Writers might dip their Pens in Gold, instead of Gall. In fine, the Truth I advance, is confirm'd by one of the most known and antient Proverbs in our *English* Language, *viz. 'Tis Money makes the Mare to go.* If a Mare, much more a Rational Creature, who knows the Value of it so much better, As indeed the Sense of that Proverb seems to be Metaphorical: And for the Reader's Instruction, I make bold to tagg a Rhyme to it.

*'Tis Money makes the Mare to go
In ev'ry Station, High, or Low.*

Let this suffice to shew, that I don't ground this Enquiry on a *falso supponente*; 'tis what is allow'd by all Hands: So that I have alledged the foregoing Proofs *ex Abundanti*; as a great many learned Authors have done before me, out of a mere Philosophical Scruple to make all Matters clear to an Ocular Demonstration. I beg the Reader to consider, that if all exuberant Proofs were to be pared off, in a great Number of Books, how many Authors would be forced to eat their Paper, and drink their Ink?

CHAP.

C H A P. IV.

P A R A G R A P H Ist.

An Objection answer'd.

THERE is one very material Objection, which must be answer'd before I leave this Fundamental Point. The Objection is, that I advance in my Title, that Money, or a great Estate, can make a Fool become a Man of Parts, as is confess'd: And yet it makes a Man of Parts a Fool: Which, says my Opponent, seems to imply a Contradiction; for if Money can give all things, as has been thro'ly proved, how can it make a Man of Parts become a Fool? that wou'd be putting him in a worse Condition than he was before.

Answer. Surely he must be a Fool indeed who starts this Objection. For, is not a Fool with Money in a much better Condition than a Wit without it? Ay, but how can it make him a Fool, that was a Man of Parts before. Why, how can too much Light put a Man's Eyes out? 'Tis surprizing to see how People will boggle at what they don't like? And how they will rack their Brains to find out Objections, when they are on the t'other Side the Question? As if he who was once a Man
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of Parts, cou'd never act a Fool's Part ! Surely the Man's blind, or can't see beyond the length of his Nose : Are there not Thousands and Thousands in this very Nation, who were once endow'd with sufficient Talents, and yet act the Fool's Part more than he who wears the Yellow Jerkin. My Reader sees what a Field I have before me. But I maintain in Terms, that 'tis easier of the two, for Money to make a Man of Parts become a Fool, than the Reverse. Tho' both are great Mysteries : Yet both unquestionable Matter of Fact ; and well worthy the nicest Enquiry, to find out the Reasons of it.

The more Judicious will observe here; that all Authors are peevish when they come to answer Objections. But this is such a frivolous one, that 'tis enough to put the gravest Philosopher out of Temper, when such impertinent Stuff is advanc'd. 'Tis running against the Current of Common Sense, and the most receiv'd Principles: And I have not Patience to say any more to it. Nevertheless, I wou'd not have the Reader think that I am really in a Passion ; but, only affect to be so, to shew my Zeal for the Cause. We Authors can be as angry at one another as two Lawyers on opposite Sides ; and yet keep a fair Understanding in the main. And since I write chiefly for the Instruction of my Reader, I will let him

him into the Secret, That oftentimes the best Answer we can give to Objections is to call our Adversary Fool and Blockhead, and to tell him with an Air of Assurance, that all he says is mere Nonsense, Blunder, and Inconsistence. Nay, the more the Argument pinches, the more we strive to alleviate and baffle the Force of it by such Outcries. The great Convenience of it is this. That as the Generality of Readers see nothing more than what the Author says, nor is it always fit they shou'd, they think 'tis impossible he shou'd have the Forehead to charge his Adversary with what he wou'd be so notoriously guilty of himself. But I would advise every Author to be sure to please the great Ones; for if they don't approve it, no one that depends upon them must; and always to take the Right Side of the Question. His own Sagacity will tell him which it is. This by the Bye.

But, if the former Objection has any Appearance of Truth in it, it shews the mighty Power of Gold, that can work such wonderful and opposite Effects. Suppose it shou'd be a real Contradiction, that does not invalidate this Enquiry, any more than it does many other Learned Works. And if People cou'd but have Patience till I come to my Point, it is to shew the Reasons why Gold, or a great Estate, shou'd
cause

cause such unaccountable Changes in the Natures of Men. That I have undertaken this Laborious Work ; nay, further, I hope to give a very satisfactory Reason why it is not proper I shou'd come to my Point, till I have clear'd some other Matters before I go on. I shall not imitate certain great Potentates, who patch'd up a Peace before some People thought they were come to the Preliminaries. No ; proper Preliminaries are the Basis on which most great Events depend. And if they shou'd seem to promise more than Expectation, and Expectation more than the Event, it can do no greater Prejudice to this, than it has done to greater Undertakings.

However, I was just coming within *Ken* of my Subject, when the foregoing Objection threw me a little off my Biass : So that I must be forced to premise a long Observation of another Nature, before I come to it ; for fear Persons of narrow Comprehensions shou'd not take Matters along with them : 'Tis for Gentlemen of limited Capacities this Treatise is chiefly calculated. In which I must own my Singularity from other Authors. The great Want in most of our Gentry, is want of Thought ; and the more Hints, the more Variety of Thoughts ; the very Difficulty of seeing the Drift of an Author, often sets them a thinking more than they wou'd do

do otherwise. *Q. E. T.* But the Observation I mention'd, is This. There is a very wide Difference between the Reasons why a thing happens, and the Manner how it is brought about. For Instance, I can give a Reason why a Person that has more Money in his Purse than his Adversary, will be apt to gain his Cause in a Law-suit: Yet I can't tell how or by what Springs it is done. Neither can I tell how the Money gets up to the Lawyer's Understanding, and makes him see the Justice of his Client's Cause, which he cou'd not see before. This I know, that there is a most intimate Connexion between the external Senses and the Brain. The very Touch, and Sight of Gold makes vast Impression on the Senses, and these on the Intellect: Hence we know that Feeling a Cause helps the most of any thing to understand it rightly. Yet we can't tell how this is effected. Again, I can tell why a young Lady, that frequents such and such Company, will be apt to lose her Reputation, if not something else; yet I can't tell by what Intrigues, or by whose Intermission it is done. I cou'd tell why such Books will be answered presently, after they come out, yet I can't tell, how they can be answer'd at all. And so of infinite other Matters, both in Church and State. In like Manner, when I enquire into the Reasons

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why

why a great Estate makes a Fool become a Man of Parts, 'tis not necessary to shew how this is effected. Nay, I'll defy any Man in *England* beside myself, which is a bold Word, to shew how it can be done at all. For, certain it is, that a great Estate does not give a Man one *For* of *Brains*, more than he had before. Of which I had an Ocular Demonstration in one of the most surprizing Experiments that ever was perform'd by the Sons of Art; and to which are owing most of the Reasons *Why*, and even something of the Manner *How*, these great Changes are operated. This Experiment being of such Consequence, I shall make a separate Article of it; and is as follows.

P A R A G R A P H II.

An Anatomical Account of some most surprizing Phenomena found in the Opening of two Gentlemens Skulls.

BEing extreamly curious in the Effects of Nature, I was once call'd to the Anatomy of two Gentlemens Skulls who were kill'd in a Duel. The one was a mere Numskull before a great Estate fell to him; by which he commenced a Man of Parts. The other was esteem'd a very Sensible Good-Humour'd Man, till he became Master of a great Fortune, which changed him

him to quite the Reverse of what he was before. 'Tis needless to tell all the Occasions of the Fray. Only that upon the Access of vast Riches, their Pride made them extreamly envious of each other's Dignity; particularly about Precedency. For you must know, the Richer of the two was not of so Antient a Family, as the other. Yet justly measuring his Quality by his Riches, he thought he was not obliged to give place to a Man whose Estate took up less Room in the Map of the County than his own. In short, they met accidentally in a narrow Passage, (the Account says there was a Mistress in the Case) where neither wou'd give way: Upon which they both Drew; and after a deal of Injurious Language, their Passion so far blinded them, that they ran furiously at each other. The Richer of the two ran the t'other quite thro' the Body; his greater Merits, that is his, Riches, giving him greater Courage: But at the same time met the Point of his Adversary's Sword, which run him into the Center of his Heart. So that they both almost died on the Spot. Their Bodies were carried into the next Tavern, till they were known, and Notice given to their Friends. As soon as the Crowd and Hubbub was a little over, two Gentlemen and myself, whom they beckoned to their Assistance,

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as having often wondered at the strange Alteration their Riches had caused in them, were resolv'd to lay hold on the Occasion, to examine the Inner Part of their Skulls, to see, whether their Riches had given them any more Brains than they had before; or what new Ideas they had acquired by them. So I out with my Instruments in a trice; for being a *Virtuoso*, I always carry various Implements of Art along with me; we cut the Skin so nicely, that 'twas easy to sew it up again: We found the Skull and *Dura Mater* prodigious thick and hard: Nay, the *Pia Mater* was as hard as the *Dura* is in other Men. We laid the Brains, or what we took to be so, to open View in their natural Situation, but with great Difficulty; because they were very much inverted. Beginning with the Richer Man first, we found the whole Cavity of the *Pericranium* prodigious full of what at first Sight we took to be Brains; but upon Examination, it appear'd to be quite of another Substance; especially that Part where the Understanding shou'd have been. But instead of finding more than in ordinary Men, tho' he outshone all that were not so rich as himself, we cou'd discover a very little Knob of true Brains; and that too wrapt up in a spongy, froathy sort of a Substance, we cou'd scarce tell whether it were Brains or not, That which belong'd to

to the Animal, or Vital Part, was rather bigger than its due Proportion. There we were at a strange Loss to guess, what it could be, that made this Man appear so much more bright and learned than he was before his Riches fell to him: When, on a sudden their issued out a Cloud of very thick Smoke, not unlike what ascends from the Potters when they are glazing their earthen Vessels; infomuch, that we cou'd not proceed in our Operations for a considerable Time. I forgot to observe that the same had happen'd to us at the first Opening of the Skull. While we waited the Evaporation of the Smoke, one of the Company had the lucky, I cou'd almost say, providential Thought, to hold the Top of a cold Still lying casually in the Room, over the Center of the Ascending Fumes, when we perceived it to gather into little shining Drops like one's Breath on a Glass in a frosty Morning; but infinitely more fine and subtle. With this Difference, that all the little Pearly Drops look'd like a beautiful golden Dew on the Sides of the Retort, most delightful to behold, but so volatile, that on the least Touch, or Shake, they were all evaporated. This raised a Conjecture, that if we had proper Instruments, and a good Quantity of Skulls to open, one might collect from such Vapours, the true *Aurum Potabile*. I almost thought

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'twas Pity, we had not more of such Skulls to open to try the Experiment, that they might do some good in their Generation. Then again we thought, That Gentlemen might have the Art of extracting that glorious Fluid; but reflecting, that Persons of that Gentleman's Constitution are not very Inventive, we imagin'd, some artful Men, always clinging to them for that Intent, might gather the precious Liquid from the Exsudances of their Brains. On the whole we concluded, 'twas Gold that supplied the Place of the *Cerebrum*; and for a Confirmation of it, we saw all his Conceptions and Ideas were gilded over with that shining Metal, except some which seem'd to be of a grosser Mould than in other Persons; proceeding from the Animal Part; or from some of his Progenitors. For 'tis observable, that the Affluence of Gold communicating it self to the *Moiety* of the Proprietor, often causes very irregular Appetites. But be that as it will, we saw, that all his Ideas were quite different from what they were before his Riches fell to him. This Conjecture of ours was still corroborated when we came to the Chambers of his Ideas, which tho' few in Number, were so swell'd and blown up by that gilded Vapour, that they filled all the Cavities of his Pericranium, as much as if he had been a Person of very great Study.

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Tho' we saw plain enough there had been great Vacuities till the Accession of that Vapour. We found a great many Terms of Arts and Sciences, new - coined Words, modish Phrases, Bits and Scraps of Learning, and the like, all gilded, and set out to wonderful Advantage, that if we had not been acquainted with, we shou'd have taken him to be a Person of very great Parts. Such a Lustre that Golden Vapour gave to every thing he said and did. None but the Lovers of the Occult Sciences can have a right Taste of the inward Joy we felt at these rare Discoveries: We were going on further in our *Recherche*, when another prodigious Gust of Smoke took away our Sight; we cou'd not tell what new *Phænomena* might have attended it: But our Time being short, for fear the Friends shou'd come for the Bodies, before we had open'd the Skull of the t'other Gentleman, we fell to work as fast as we cou'd.

'Tis needless to repeat the first *Intention*. 'Twas much what the former was; we were met with a Cloud of Smoke at the opening, as in the first Operation: Only, it did not seem so thick and gross, as that of the other; and by reason of its being so volatile, much harder to condense into perceptible Drops. The *Globuli* were more minute, and smother than the former,

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but most curiously gilded; tho' seemingly with a thinner Crust. To be short, we found a great deal more real Brains than in the t'other Gentleman. As he had been a Clever, Bright, Good-humour'd, Generous Man, before he fell from that Character, by the Encrease of his Estate; so we found Marks and Traces almost worn out of Ideas and Notions agreeable to his *quondam* Qualifications; but so throng'd and huddled up by a new Accession of Ideas arising from his recent Grandeur; and so enveloped with the Waves of Smoke perpetually flowing backward and forward in his Pericranium, and confounding all the Order and Ranges of his former Idea's, that we cou'd make nothing of them. If we had not known him to have been once a Man of Sense, the Confusion of his Ideas would have made any Skilful Anatomist take him for a real Fool; or, at the best, to be particularly troubled with a *Swimming* in the Head, which, in some Measure, must have been the Case of t'other Gentleman. All the distinct Ideas, as we cou'd discover, were new come in. There was a curious Representation of Gilt Coaches, Splendid Equipages, Plans of Houses and Gardens; with a perpetual Hurry of Visitants and Quality, passing to and fro in the Fore-Part of his Skull; much like those of *Raree-Shows*; and as diverting to the Specta-

Spectators. Every thing was gilded and gaudy; we observed most of his Ideas were crowding into the Imaginative Part. The Judicial Part was almost choak'd up with the Gilded Vapour. But above all, we were extremely surpriz'd to see the Figure of a wonderful fine Gentleman continually dancing in his *Pericranium*, and presenting it self before our Eyes, sometimes in one Dress, sometimes in another, that wherever we turn'd our sight, it was still before us swimming in the Golden Fluid; and indeed took up the greatest Part of the Skull. On a more nice Observation, we found it to be the Idea of *Himself*; which, without Doubt, was always presenting it self to his Imagination, as it did to us, and to be sure was the most agreeable Image in the whole Fabrick. We were in Hopes of greater Discoveries, when we heard the Noise of Feet; which we suppos'd were People coming for the Bodies. So we were forced to sew up the Incision as fast as we cou'd, very well pleas'd with the Progress we had made: But wishing both for the Reader's Satisfaction and our own, we cou'd have brought our Discoveries to greater Perfection; but promise, if we can have the Opportunity of such another Dissection, we will descend to more Particulars. For my own Part, I was set so much agog for it, that I could almost

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almost have ventur'd the *Act* against Mutilation, to have dissected several Gentlemens Skulls of my Acquaintance, in whom an Overflow of Gold has made such strange Metamorphoses. I shall watch very narrowly for a safe Opportunity. But suppose one cou'd dissect Persons of different Dignities and Stations of Life, as well as different Sexes, what a Variety of Causes and Effects wou'd present it self to our View? The late Anatomical Wax-Works, the World run so mad of, particularly the Ladies, are mere Baubles to it.

But I can't forbear telling my Reader, that I ventur'd since upon a very fine Lady, one of my Patients, to whom I was sent for in a strange Fit of the Vapours, that took away all her Senses, as if she had been really dead. I saw her Case immediately, and told the Standers by, that she was past the Cure of Physick, and could only be restor'd by the Occult Sciences. I had pass'd for a Conjuror, a long time ago, but kept private for fear of the Laws. But since the late Act of Parliament has given every body leave to deal with the Devil in *propria Persona*, I made no Difficulty to discover myself, and desired every Body to avoid the Room. I found the Lady was *in fort*, for a great many Hours; the Heaving in her Breast, and Convulsions, were all over; she was as senseless as a Logg. I
apply'd

apply'd my Instruments with my utmost Dexterity. The Skull open'd with all the Ease in the World: The Parts were so delicate and tender, that the greatest Difficulty was how to touch them softly enough. The Reader must know she was a most Celebrated Beauty, and one of the most *Pretious* in all the *Decorums* and Arts of her Sex. Her Fortune, tho' not of the highest, was Ten Thousand Pounds, sufficient to *Buy* her a Husband of *Figure*; for she was unmarried. 'Tis a standing Rule in these Operations, that you always meet with a Cloud of Smoke at the first opening. But here it was more than ordinary; infinitely fine and subtle. When I came to condense the Vapour, instead of Gold, it turn'd all into Quick-Silver. There was the least Knob of Brains that ever I saw. The Figure of herself met you in every Shape. Her Ideas were chiefly of the Delightful Kind, shuffling in one after the other in Ten Thousands Shapes. All in the Fore-part of the Skull, or at least but a little way in, every Representation had two Faces; what appear'd outwardly was most delightfully beautiful. For all my Philosophical Gravity, I was so charm'd with it, that I had like to have forgot what I was about. But the Ideas of a new *Masquerade*, suppos'd to be of out landish-Men all naked except the Visage, some rushing in so fast, that

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that they jostled one of the beautiful Ideas; and made it turn the Reverse towards me; which was so shocking, that I thought 'twas impossible such a beautiful Creature cou'd have such Representations. This stirr'd up my Curiosity to see the rest. But they were fram'd so by Nature, that I cou'd never get them to turn the Inside towards me; so I was forced to open the Back-Side of her Head, and look behind the Scene. There I saw the most amazing Sight I ever saw in my Life. There was Treachery, Cruelty, Falshood, Revenge, Ingratitude, Self-Love in all its Shapes, with all the various Turns of Art and Dissimulation that are possible to be imagined: But what compleated my Astonishment, was to see the Representations of the most filthy Objects, not to be nam'd, hugged up in the very Center of her Mind, from whence they had a perpetual Communication with her Heart; that I saw evidently it was the most Darling Treasure of her Soul. Whether all Women are so I can't yet tell. I am apt to believe not; but that they were caus'd by some secret Corruption in her first Youth, as the former Changes were caus'd by Gold. While I was examining every Part, and *reading* her Thoughts, (for taking them *Backwards* you might read all her Ideas as well as if they had been wrote down on a Piece of Paper. I found

found the true Object of all her Desires was Pleasure ; and that chiefly of one Sort : She had no Value for any Qualities but what contributed to that kind ; and wou'd prefer a Porter to the greatest Hero, on that Account. At last, running over every Object with too great Eagerness, I discomposed a *Darling Idea* placed in the very Center of all the rest, by *Breathing* too hard upon it. Immediately the whole Machinery gave a great Start, as if she were falling into Convulsions ; which discomposed me no less than it did her. For if she had come out of a Trance before I had clos'd the Skull, she must have died presently after. But all was well again, as soon as I held my Head back. What was this Idea, but an *Irish* Footman, whom her Favourite Maid, being abus'd and bribed by him, had made her believe was the most *Amiable Man* in the World. His Idea was placed directly over her Heart. But the Indignation for such a Monstrous Piece of Madness, made me look no further ; so I shut up the Head, and waited till she come out of her Trance. I had like to have forgot, that the very Moment she came to her self, she cried out between a Shriek and a Sigh, *O my Dear Teague, save thy Life and mine !* I ordered some Cordial Drops of my own preparing, recommended, her to the Care of her Maids, and took my Leave.

C H A P.

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C H A P. V.

Remarks on the foregoing Experiments.

TH E most obvious Remark is, of the prodigious Efficacy, Activity and Subtility of Gold, that can thus, almost in a Moment, fly up from People's Coffers and Purfes into their Heads, beyond the Art of all the Chymistry in the World, and cause these wonderful Alterations in the whole Pericranial *OEconomy*; on which a vast many curious Speculations might be form'd. I just give the Hint, for Persons of greater Leisure and more Capacity than myself to work upon. I make bold to recommend them to several of the Fellows of the Royal Society, who employ their Time in search of Discoveries, in my humble Opinion, of much less Moment. This wonderful Operation may be learnedly defined, *The Super-Transcendent Hypophysical-Alchymical Subtilization.*

A 2d Remark is, The vast Benefits which might accrue from such Anatomizations. I just touch'd on it before; but must recommend it to the Reader's further Consideration; for had it not been for that Providential Thought of opening the Skulls, and condensing the Vapours, we might have been yet in the Dark, incapable of giving any

any tolerable Account of the various Alterations in the Intellectual System. How much more worthy a Philosopher is it to employ his Time in examining the Spiritual Mechanism (if the Metaphor may be allow'd) than in the mere Animal Part? What Comparison has the Material Structure of the Brain to the infinitely more useful System of the Ideas and Passions? What a Delightful Chain of Causes and Effects would offer itself, if every Man's Skull could be laid open to the Inspection of others in as full a Light, as the most secret Parts of both Sexes have been lately expos'd, to the Edification and Instruction of our Wives and Daughters? How natural and necessary wou'd the Metamorphoses and Changes caus'd in the Natures of Men appear to be, which otherwise are so hard to account for? I shall only instance one more, to what has been said already; which is this: 'Tis Matter of Fact, exemplified in Numbers of Persons, that it is a much harder Matter, and requires a far greater Stock of Heroick Magnanimity, to bear a sudden Gust of *Prosperity*, than *Adversity*. There are Persons, who would suffer all the Tortures of a Rack, bear up against all the Strokes of Fortune, and sustain the Loss of all that is dear to them, with the Courage and Constancy of a *Hero*; yet when an unexpected Shower of
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Fortune pours down upon them, are so impotent in the Use of it, they become less than Men. Now this Cerebereal Anatomy gives you the Reasons of that otherwise unaccountable Difference. 'Tis because Adversity does not give that Internal Shock and Turn to the Ideal System; but rather rouses up the dormant Virtues that lay hid before: Whereas Prosperity, and an unexpected Fortune, by the Subtlety of the Golden Vapours, disfranges the Man's former Idea's, gives him new Principles, and new Notions, and so shakes the whole System, that it can be no Wonder if his Actions totter as well as his Head. I am now a hammering out a new Scheme, which I design to present to the Royal Society, before it sees the World; it is for Erecting a Lecture for this kind of Anatomy: With a new Method entirely of my own Invention for Trepanning the Skulls of such Gentlemen, whose Ideal System may be disfrang'd by the Fumes of Gold. I pretend, without doing them the least bodily Harm, to reduce their Brain to its Natural Turn and Situation; Nor do I despair of getting a Patent for it; or perhaps an Act of Parliament, if I can but have Interest enough to get *So many* Members to attend the House, and *So many* to keep out of the way.

A 3d

A₃d Remark is, which indeed has a great Affinity with the foregoing, that from this Experiment, it is very easy to solve that grand Objection mention'd in the last Chapter, against the Possibility of Gold having such opposite Effects. If we suppose the Persons, or rather Patients, to be different, there can't be the least Shadow of Difficulty. For as the same Earth drawn up by different Plants produces Cordials in one, and Poison in another; so Gold, in Persons who had little or no Brains, supplies the Place of them, as in the Case of the first Gentleman: Or else magnifies and adorns those few Ideas he had, to the best Advantage. On the contrary, in those who had a competent Share, and were furnish'd with very good Notions, till they were over-power'd with Gold, the Multiplicity of new Representations, of Grandeur, Quality, Titles, and the like, which that Metal naturally brings along with it, must leave no Room for the former Ideas to exert themselves; and make him appear quite different from what he was. Now, where a great many Ideas and Notions are *jumbled* together, and turn'd Topsy-Turvy one upon another, that Man must appear very foolish on some Occasions. 'Tis probable likewise, that besides a certain Giddiness in the Head, that those Waves of Metallick Fumes perpetually rolling backward and

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forward in their *Pericranium*, they must appear to more solid Persons, as if they were really intoxicated with the frequent Exhalations of their Coffers. And every body knows, that when Persons are well sprinkled and elevated with Liquor, a Fool often passes for a Man of Wit, and a Wit for a Fool. This Remark needs no further Elucidation. However, for the Benefit of Persons, who may be troubled with a Giddiness of that kind, if they apply themselves to me, I cou'd help them to a Philosophical Sneezing Powder, only prepar'd by myself, which wou'd draw down abundance of those Clouds of Smoke so seemingly prejudicial to them.

The 4th Remark is of another Nature, and seems to include a very difficult Question, *viz.* Since Gold has such wonderful Effects on Men; how comes it to pass, that your Miners, that dig in the Golden Mines, or the Refiners of it, don't experience those strange Changes, as is evident they do not, except Overseers, Stewards, &c. We see those poor Labourers come out of the Pit as great Fools as they went in, tho' they had been over Head and Ears in Gold. Nay, roll a Man in Gold over and over, he'll be just the same as he was before, unless you let him carry a great deal along with him. Why, to tell you the Truth of it, 'tis very hard to give a satisfactory Account.

count. Only this must be said, that 'tis only those, who are in Possession, and Masters of that glorious Metal, that reap so great Benefit by it. And since those poor Fellows work for other People, they are only the better as they grow richer. Here you will observe if you please, that 'tis not the least Matter, how People get their Riches, whether by Rapine, Plunder, Extortion, Stealing, Cheating, Biting, &c. or by Inheritance; provided they have but a great Quantity. The Effect will be the same. As we see Persons of the first Rank will have the same Respect for them, provided they have escap'd the Laws. All that can be further Objected is, that your Stewards, *Major-Domo's* O'Economes, and the like, who only finger other People's Money, are oftentimes as liable to these Metamorphoses, as their Lords and Masters. But then we must consider, that most Stewards have a strange attractive Quality in their Fingers, by which a great deal of Gold sticks to them like Birdlime, and by Consequence flies up to their Heads, as much as if it came by Inheritance, of which strange Effect the following Digression will give you a Demonstration *à Posteriori*.

A DIGRESSION

*Of a New-invented, Squeezing Engine for
all Stewards, Overseers, &c.*

BEcaufe some People can't comprehend how Stewards, Overseers, &c. having no Money of their own, often get insensibly into great Estates, and by that Means commence Men of as bright Parts, and as fine Gentlemen as their Lords and Masters. And whereas, they will not believe, there can be any such inherent Quality in the Fingers of Stewards, so as to make a great deal of their Masters Money stick to them; for the Benefit of all Persons concern'd, I have, with wonderful Labour and Art, invented a new Machine which I call a *squeezing Engine*, to be seen at my Laboratory, and which, if duly apply'd, will cause the Money got from their Masters by Stewards; to fall Drop by Drop from the foresaid Stewards, till they become of the same Dimensions as when they enter'd on their Masters Business; highly recommended to all Persons of Great Estates in *England, Ireland, and Berwick upon Tweed*. The Nature of this *Squeezing Engine* is such, that in Case these Stewards, Overseers, &c. have none of their Masters Money sticking to them, it will sit on them with a
vast

vaſt deal of Eaſe and Pleaſure. But if they have, it will make it come trickling from them at firſt like Drops of Blood, but at laſt, turns all into pure Gold, to the Admiration of all Beholders. And for the Encouragement of all Lords and Gentlemen of Great Eſtates, to purchaſe this Engine, I ſhall ſubjoin the following Account as a *Specimen* of its Efficacy: 'Tis of a certain Steward who was examin'd, and ſqueez'd in the foreſaid Engine, with the Effects it produced in the Operation. 'Tis a real Caſe that happen'd ſome Years ago in the *West of England*.

He was a Perſon of a very inconfiderable Fortune, when he firſt enter'd on his Stewardſhip, but in a few Years he began to look very big, and ſet up for a Gentleman, with his Man before him, his Tuck by his Side, and a great deal of Ready Caſh in his Purſe, and juſtly valued himſelf above thoſe, who were not of equal Weight. Perſons of Birth and Figure wou'd treat him as if he were one of their own Rank, all out of Reſpect to the Bags he carry'd along with him. At firſt, People ſuppoſed he had got his Money honeſtly, by his Care and Induſtry aſſiſted by the Perquiſites and Advantages of his Place; till they began to remark, that his Maſter run out proportionably as he grew rich. Which being obſerv'd by ſome of his Maſter's

F 3

Friends;

Friends, they begg'd me, having heard of my Dexterity in those Matters, to help them to call him to an Account. He was such a cunning Dog, that he had his Accounts and Papers ready for all Emergences. Nay, he bragg'd of the signal Service he did his Master; and that if it had not been for him, he had been ruin'd long before; that seeing how Matters went, why might not he take the Advantages others wou'd take, with several things of that Nature. When we talk'd of *Refunding*, he flew out into a violent Passion, and offer'd to make it appear, that his Master was considerably in his Debt. Upon this I clapt my *Squeezing Engine* upon him; when immediately the poor Devil fell into such an Agony, as was surprizing. He fell a trembling and shaking every Joint of him; his Eyes roll'd with terrible Distortions, his Stomach heaved; his Belly swell'd, as if he were ready to burst; and great Drops of Sweat, as big as *Dutch Admirals*, ran trickling from him in vast Quantities; but, as soon as on the Floor, turn'd all into pure Gold. At last, he began to vomit, and disgorged at least the Quantity of a good Bason-full of Liquid Gold, which his Ravenous Maw had suck'd in from his Master's Lands, Timber, Coal and Iron Mines, &c. till giving a prodigious Gulp, we thought the Wretch very near being choak'd with some-

Something that stuck in his Throat, tho' otherwise he had a very capacious Swallow. When we came to look, we found it to be a great Bag of false Bills and Accounts he had palm'd upon Master, at such times as he knew he had not Leisure to look over them. Well, we were not contented with this, but resolv'd to squeeze him on some particular Articles: For, as I told you before, the Nature of this Engine is such, that it never puts them to the least Inconveniency, where they have been honest in their Dealings. Some squeez'd him on the Article of Payments and Disbursements; and whenever he had gone Snacks with Creditors and Undertakers, all he had gain'd that way, came from him immediately, in no inconsiderable Quantities. Then we try'd on Leases and Fines. This help'd us to very great Sums, which he had taken from the Lessees; to let them have the Livings at half the Value. But nothing afforded us so much, as the Sale of an Estate belonging to his Master in another Part of the Kingdom: Where some of the Purchasers had buzz'd about, that they had given more to the Steward for a good Bargain, than had accru'd to the Landlord for the Sale of the whole Fee Simple. We Try'd him on several other Heads too long to rehearse, where we gain'd something in almost every Article. Till, at last, the

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Engine sat upon him as easy as his old Dirty Riding Coat.

N. B. This Engine would have the same Effect on your Lawyers, who keep Courts and Audits for Persons of Quality. But the Collar of it must be lined well with Hemp, and ty'd very tight under the Left Ear; otherwise they will slip out of it, in spite of all you can do. 'Twere needless to add, that it must be adapted to the Magnitude of the Person you are to Squeeze.

C H A P. VI.

The Author returns to his Remarks, and of the Psychoptick Looking-Glass.

TH E R E is no Happiness compleat in this Mortal State. The greatest Advantages often draw after them several very great Inconveniences, not foreseen, nor even relieved, till they are experienced. What can be more desirable, than to abound in Riches? what infinite Advantages do they give a Man above his Fellow-Creatures? Yet there are very odd Inconveniences attending them; as will be seen in the subsequent Article: And the Effects of them sometimes are of very dangerous

rous Consequence. If the Reader remembers, we remark'd a very extraordinary *Phænomenon* in opening the Skull of the second Gentleman, who, as he also remembers, from a Man of Sense and Parts before his Riches fell to him, became the most Exotick Coxcomb imaginable, on the Accession of his Fortune: This *Phænomenon* was the Image of a fine fluttering Gentleman dancing in his Idea's, and presenting it self in every Part of his Skull, particularly in the Imaginative Faculty; and, as we found, upon Examination, was the Representation of his own sweet self. This made us observe, and I am convinced of it since, by undoubted Experiments, that such Gentlemen are extremely troubled with a Distemper, no less offensive to others than themselves; which the *Greeks* call *φιλαυλία*; and which we endeavour to express in *English* by *Self-Love*. But that does not come up to the Force of the *Greek*: I wou'd rather express it, by *Self-Admiration*, *Self-Plenitude*; or any way, by which one might signify a Man brim-full of himself. It is a terrible Distemper; not only with respect to Persons who labour under it, but to all who converse with them. It makes them always raving on themselves, and so disturbs the whole Intellectual System, that *Self* comes in every thing they say, or do; and

I ques-

I question very much, whether it does not haunt them in their Dreams, with such a prodigious Disgust and Loathing for every thing beneath them, that without great Care to check it, at the Beginning, such Persons are in very great Danger of being fit for nothing but themselves.

I think, I may say without the least Offence to Modesty, or even the most Christian Humility, that I have naturally such a Tenderness for the Sufferings of my Fellow-Creatures, that no sooner do I hear of any extraordinary Distemper attending them, but immediately I set my Brains a working to find out; both the Causes of it, and a Remedy for it. This Tenderness, I am sure, must be highly acceptable to a certain Set of People, call'd *Free-thinkers*; tho' they generally give it the Name of *Benevolence*; the only Vertue they pretend to be in Love with. 'Tis an amiable Vertue, provided *Self* be not at the Bottom of it, as is the Case of the *Free-thinkers*, which I shall examine afterwards. But, since this Distemper of Self-Plenitude is so terrible, and 'tis to be fear'd, a great many of my dear Countrymen are infected with it, especially the Great Ones; it won't be amiss to give a more particular Description of it, with the principal *Symptomata* attending it.

It

It is, as was observed, remarkably incident to Persons of Figure and Fortune; but almost unversally it attends those who have had any very sudden and extraordinary Rise in the World. They are taken at first with an unaccountable Swelling, which puffs them up like a Jack-Pudding: Their Pulse beats considerably higher: With strange Vibrations and exotick Sallies on Occasions, yet sometimes are harder to account for, and much more difficult to cure than a Fever of the Spirits. Their Head and Brains are as hot as a Furnace; but above all they are seized with a very odd Quality in the Eyes; which makes every thing belonging to themselves to appear in a vast Magnitude, when at the same time it extenuates every thing that belongs to others. 'Tis no less surprizing, that when they Labour most under this Distemper, they are the happiest People in the World. Every thing they do pleases them: They have no sooner Thoughts of any imprudent, inconsiderable Step they may have made, as the wisest Men often have; but, on the contrary, they applaud themselves in all they do. And, no Wonder, since they have the agreeable Object of their sweet selves always in their View.

I have had several Patients of this Nature under my Hands. I shall only particularize one, to shew that my Theory is ground-

grounded on Experience. It was a young Gentleman of a moderate Fortune at the first time of our Acquaintance ; for whom I had a very great Kindness, on account of his Family and promising Hopes. I had render'd him several considerable Services : He express'd, on his Side, a great Sense of his Obligations, and a Deference suitable to the Authority I had acquir'd in the World by my Years, Learning and Experience. It happen'd that, upon the Accession of an Estate of some Thousands a Year, which fell to him, with a great deal of Ready Cash, I went to make a Visit to my old Friend and Acquaintance, as well to congratulate with him for his good Fortune, as to give him a little Friendly Advice in such an extraordinary Change. He received me civilly enough ; but methought with a certain Air of Grandeur and Coldness, that told me immediately I was to keep my Distance. However, he honour'd me so far, as to ask me to Dine with him, having little Company that Day : All our Discourse turn'd on himself, and the vast Projects he had in his Head : But particularly, I observ'd, that he made use of the Pronoun *My* with a very appropriated Emphasis. As *My* self, and *My* Lady, are to go in *My* Coach, to *My* Seat in — *Shire* : *My* Deer in *My* Park are extremely fat this Year. I have order'd *My* Steward, to
fit

fit up *My* Seat and my Apartments at such a Place. *My* Taste, in ordering *My* Gardens is highly approv'd by every body : *My* Tenants, by *My* Management, pay *My* Rents the best of any, &c. I look'd at *My* Gentleman with an Eye that might have pierced him thorough and thorough ; but he was so full of himself, it made no Impression on him. However, making use of the Freedom I had been accusom'd to, tho' with a little more Respect than usual, I made bold to give him some Advice in several Points, I was confident, he cou'd not but be sensible, I had more Experience than himself. He heard me calmly enough ; tho' with a little Uneasiness, mix'd with an Air of Contempt, and something of Insensibility at the same time. He answer'd me in the following Terms. “ Sir, says he, I excuse your
“ Freedom, on account of your good In-
“ tentions : But I must take the Liberty
“ to tell you, that 'tis impossible, you shou'd
“ have any competent Knowledge in these
“ Matters ; since your Estate does not come
“ up to the Thousandth Part of *Mine*. I
“ am sure, my Lord *Flutter* is of my Opini-
“ on ; Sir *Timothy Twinkler* is of my Opini-
“ on ; Sir *Leonard Lubber*, Sir *Samuel*
“ *Squeeze*, Mr. *DoubleDrunk*, Mr. *Drain-*
“ *well* : In short, all the wisest, Men *i. e.*
“ the Quality, and Men of the greatest
Estates

grateful Return I received, both for my past, and present Kindness towards him.

It was chiefly on this Gentleman's Account, that I have lately Compos'd a Treatise of *He-autopticks*, or the Art of seeing one's self; just ready for the Press; the Perusal of which will be highly beneficial to Gentlemen in his Circumstances; given *gratis* to all that call for it, with particular Directions how to use it. As also an *Hodegos* to shew them the way to my Laboratory. But above all, I wou'd recommend my *Speculum Psychopticon*, or, Soul-shewing Looking-Glass, which I have lately invented for the Good of my own Species. The Nature of it is such, that at one View it shews a Man to himself in *Puris Naturalibus*, setting the darkest Recesses, and all the Distempers of the Soul in a full Light; stripping him from all the borrow'd Ornaments of Art, Grandeur, Pomp, Dissimulation, corrupt Maxims, Self-Love, Self-Sufficiency, Self-Plentitude, &c. And as on the one Side it lets him see the Nature and Deformity of the Distempers of the Soul; so, on the Reverse, it gives him the most agreeable Prospect imaginable, of the Beauties which arise from a true Humanity, Modesty, Humility, Compassion for the Sufferings of others, Gratitude for Benefits Received; Condescendence, Courtesy, Affability, Generosity, Truth, Sincerity,

cerity, with all the other Qualities which make up the Character of a fine Gentleman. As it is needless to dwell upon the immense Pains and Labour it cost me to bring this inestimable Piece of Art to Perfection; so 'tis wonderful to relate the surprizing Effects this Psychoptick Looking-Glass has produced in Persons who have experienced the due Application of it. I am rather afraid the Reader will not believe me on my bare Word, when I shall tell the vast Numbers, that have been cured by it; or at least, put in a fair way of Recovery. As it is really unjust to expect, I shou'd deserve more Credit than other Authors, when they boldly, but barely assert a great many things: For which Reason I shall subjoin here a Catalogue of such Persons as have made use of it to their unspeakable Content and Benefit with *Testimonies*, and *Certificates* Subscribed with their own Names, and given under their own Hands; to prevent all Danger of Fallacy whatsoever.

C H A P. VII.

The Testimonies, and Certificates of the Lords, Knights and Gentlemen, who have been Cured by the Psychoptick Looking-Glass.

TH E Reader will be pleas'd to observe, that I shall set them down just in the Order of their Cures, not of their Titles, nor Qualities. The first is *Pelphy Pennyworth* of *Penyworth-Hall*, Esquire, a Man of a very great Estate, whose Distemper and Cure you shall hear in his own Words.

I *Pelphy Pennyworth*, of *Penyworth-Hall*, do Certify to all the World;
 “ that whereas, upon the Accession of a
 “ great Estate, which came to me by a
 “ remote Inheritance, I fell into an unac-
 “ countable Distemper of Self-sufficiency,
 “ Self-Plenitude, Pride, Haughtiness, Con-
 “ tempt of all others, especially if they
 “ had not so great an Estate as myself;
 “ with a Total Forgetfulness and Ingrati-
 “ tude for all past Benefits; insomuch
 “ that I thought it beneath a Man of *Fi-*
 “ *gure* to be grateful, or to acknowledge
 “ himself obliged to any Body: But, upon
 “ beholding myself frequently in the *Psy-*
choptick

“ *choptick Looking-Glass* newly invented
 “ by the Ingenious Mr. *Joakim Philander*,
 “ I am, I thank my Stars, and the wonder-
 “ ful Labours of that Gentleman, so far
 “ cured, that I think Gratitude, with re-
 “ spect to the meanest Person who has done
 “ me a Kindness, a commendable Quality
 “ in Persons of the greatest Dignity, and
 “ really believe, that Persons of less Es-
 “ tates and Fortune may have as good
 “ Parts, and as much Merit as myself.

“ Witness my Hand,

Pelfy Pennyworth.

N. B. I was forced to look at myself
 several times before the Cure was tho-
 roughly effected.

Sir *Hugh Hugger*, Sir *Lobcock Looby*,
 Mr. *Belwood*, Mr. *Shaveall*, Mr. *Minerwell*,
 Mr. *Keffelbite*, cured of the same.

The Testimony of Sir Churlish Clunch, Bt.

WHEREAS I *Churlish Clunch*, of
 the County of *Middlesex*, have of
 late Years been extreamly troubled with a
 strange Sowerness and Morosity in my Tem-
 per, wallowing like a Hog in the midst of
 my Riches, without Respect of Persons
 whatsoever; being Cruel to my Children,
 Tyrannical to my Inferiors, and Insup-
 portable

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portable to all my Neighbours round about me; upon viewing myself thoroughly in *Mr. Joakim Philander's Psychoptick-Glass* so much on the Wings of Fame, find myself so much alter'd for the better that I begin to have a Relish for Common Humanity: I am easy with my Children and Family, kind to my Neighbours, glad to see honest Gentlemen frequent my House, and can even wait upon them to their Horses, tho' they have less Estates than myself: Nay, I can pull off my Hat to my Tenants, when I meet them in my Lordship. In Witness whereof I have set my Name,

Churlish Clunch;

The Testimony of Rowland Rattleskull, Esquire.

I *Rowland Rattleskull* do hereby certify to all, whom it may concern, That some time after the Death of my Elder Brother *Ralph Rattleskull* of *Rantum-Prior*, by which I became Heir to all his Estate, I was seized with a very odd Giddiness in the Head, that methought the World turn'd round me. I cou'd not, for my Life, rest in any one Place two whole Days together. Now I was gone in a Whirl up to *London*: Then immediately down into the Country again: Then away for my Seat in *Huntington-shire*: Then hey for
New-

New-Market Horse-Races: After that, for the *Bath*; infomuch that I killed Fifteen Coach-Horses in one Year; broke the Necks of Two Postillions, and three Coachmen; threw my poor Tender Wife into a Calenture, and myself almost into a Consumption: Beside other Losses and Dangers too long to Specify, till making use of the Incomparable *Psychoptick Looking-Glass*, I am perfectly Cured. Witness my Hand,

Rowland Rattleskull.

N. B. Mr. *Rattleskull*, the very first Week, after making use of this Glass, sat out a whole Play; and the next Summer stay'd the whole Season at one Country Seat; and I don't question but, in Process of Time, he may be able to read an intire Chapter in the *Whole Duty of Man*; or at least, a *Spectator*.

Sir *Harry Heygomad*, Sir *Philip Flirt-about*, Sir *Hoop Hallow*, Squire *Follow-fox*, and Sir *Lionel Leap-all*, cured of the same. But the Three last were help'd in their Cure by some Accidents happening to them a Fox-hunting. Sir *Hoop Hallow* broke a Vein in his Breast, by over-straining his Voice: Squire *Follow-fox* tumbled down a Precipice, and broke his Collar Bone, and one of his Thighs; and Sir *Lionel Leap-all* kill'd two Horses worth a Hundred Gui-

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was a Piece in one Week, and dislocated his Neck, that it stands awry to this Day.

The Testimony of Ubald Upstart.

I *Ubald Upstart*, Son of *Humphry Upstart*, *Quondam* Farmer and Graſtier in the County of *Kent*, turning over my Father's Accounts after his Death, found I was Heir to a Hundred Thouſand Pounds in Money and Bonds; beſide a conſiderable Eſtate in Land: At which Sight, I was tranſported with ſuch an Extaſy, as almoſt burſt my Heart-ſtrings with Exceſs of Joy. Preſently after, I found a ſtrange Jumblement in my Head and Brains, as if the whole Tenement of my upper Regions was going to be turn'd Topſy-Turvy; as, in Effect, it was. For I found a Total Change in my Notions of Matters. Inſtead of Ideas of Buſineſs, to which I was bred up, I cou'd think of nothing but Lords and Ladies, Maſquerades, going to Court, Opera's, Plays, and the like; with my Cloaths all flaming with Scarlet and Gold Lace. And whereas, I was to be Married to one of the prettieſt young Women in all the Country of my own Rank, me-thoughts I cou'd take the t'other for a Miſtreſs, as my Siſter *Molly* had Married my Lord *Wantland*. But upon ſeeing myſelf in the new how-d'ye-call-it Topſick Looking-Glaſs, I am
in

in such a fair way of Recovery, that I can see my old Father's Leather Breeches and dirty Riding Coat, without Blushing.

Ubold Upstart.

Barnaby Biddall, the Son of *Bitum Biddal*, Merchant, Cured of the same:

Changeling Chousum, Son of *Cheat-all Chousum*, Petty-fogger, cured of the same.

Ralph Reckonwell, Son of *Rackum Reckonwell*, formerly Steward to Sir *Thirsty Thriftless*, cured of the same, with this Difference only, that I prided myself in taking place of the Knight's Eldest Son, of whom my Father had got all his Riches.

Gasterling Eat-well, Alderman of *London*, cured of the same: Only my Head was perpetually raving how to get a Patent of a Lord for my Eldest Son, but the eternal Blockhead had not Wit enough, even to bear a Title.

The Testimony of the Hon. Frensy Freake.

FOR the Benefit of all who labour under the Misfortunes of Mind and Body, as I have done, on Account, as I find by woful Experience, of my being carried quite out of the Knowledge of myself, by the sudden Augmentation of my Fortune. I do hereby give the following Account of

my State, that Persons in the like Circumstances, by my Example, may know the Nature of their Distemper and their Cure. I am a younger Brother of a Person of Quality, as may be seen by the Honourable Title. I believe I may say, without Vanity, that I was look'd upon as a young Gentleman of very great Hopes, as long as I had only my own Annuity to live on; which was fully enough to make a handsome Figure in the best of Company. I had an Education fit for a Person of my Birth; and if I may judge of myself by the Opinion of others, I seem'd both to be belov'd and esteem'd. But my Great Uncle, Sir *Frowfy Freak* dying, and leaving me Heir to his vast Estate, as soon as I was enter'd into a full and quiet Possession of his immense Riches, I was seized with a strange Swelling all over me, that I was ready to burst. I thought I was vastly taller than I really was: All I cou'd say for the first three or four Days, was in Soliloquies; as, Am not I the Great *Freak* of *Freak-Hall*? does not this House, these Gardens, that Park, those Woods, with all the Land my Eyes can see over, belong to myself? Yes: I find I am Lord of all. Why then, what need I have any Respect for any Man living beside myself? Immediately I set up a most splendid Equipage, and had my Slaves of both Sexes attending my Beck. But not
being

being able to endure any thing that did not belong to myself, I retired into my Palace, as I call'd my House, to live in pure Contemplation of my own Greatness. To make, or return Visits, was my Aversion : Because, if they were superior to me in Title, or Grandeur, it gall'd me to Death, to give Place to any one : If they were Inferiors, as the Neighbouring Gentry, or the like, some of them had been familiar with me in my Minority, that is, when I mov'd in a lesser Orb, so might not shew Respect enough, nay, wou'd expect a Return of their Visit. Others I had been obliged to during my Uncle's Life, which was a Thought my great Soul could not bear. But above all, I hated Churchmen ; because generally, being Persons of more Learning, and better Understanding than myself, they would be apt to contradict me in my wild Notions ; or, at least, shew by their Looks, that I talk'd out-of-the-way : For this Reason, I wou'd never let my Chaplain, tho' otherwise a very Ingenious and Learned Man, say a Word in my Presence, unless it were to applaud my Sentiments. In short, I became so whimsical and proud, that I am persuaded, I appear'd ridiculous to every one but myself ; when Providence directed the celebrated Mr. *Philander* to my House ; who, on pretence of some Business of Importance, clapp'd his Psychoptick Looking-Glass

Glass before my Eyes, and shew'd me my Deformities so much to the Life, that immediately I became a New Man. I am sociable and affable to all who favour me with their Company, love to converse with Men of Sense, whether they are Men of Estates, or not: Encourage Persons of greater Learning to speak their Sentiments, tho' in Contradiction to my own, and begin to think, that he that comes to visit me with a single Servant, may have his Head as well furnish'd, as he that comes in his Coach and Six. Tho' I know the Quality are of another Opinion. Witness my Hand,

Frensy Freak.

REMARKS on the foregoing Testimony.

MR. *Freak* has some Expressions in his Testimony that deserve a particular Observation before I pass any further; tho' I shall make some General Remarks on most of the Testimonies afterwards. The first is the Expression of *Making a handsome Figure in the World*. 'Tis a Phrase tho' very much used, I cou'd never rightly understand. Neither can I tell, which of all the Figures in the Numeration Table the Gentleman means. I have seen indeed some Persons very like a Figure of Five; and several who might stand for Cyphers; but

but can see no great Similitude in any other Figure. 'Tis true, I have seen some People make an X with their Leggs as they go along: Some also have Great Heads and little Bodies like a Figure of 9. Others very Slender upwards and Big below, like a Figure of 6. If People value themselves in making such Figures, I have nothing to say. Tho' I don't believe the Gentleman takes the Word Figure in that Sense. Perhaps, by Figure, Persons may understand *Statue*: As Statues are often call'd Figures. If so, I can't say, but I have seen a great many Persons of both Sexes, who appear in Company like very fine Statues. There's *Columnius*, if he did but stand upright, or were set on a Pedestal, wou'd be a very proper Statue; and might pass for a *Colossus*. *Isabella*, when she is silent, and perch'd up against the Back of a Chair, might represent a dead Empress: But when she speaks, or moves, 'tis quite another thing. Little *Frisco*, and his pert Cousin *Pinkardilla*, might pass for very pretty Puppets; and a certain little Gentleman, of my Acquaintance, wou'd make a rare *Punchinello*. Sometimes, the Expression of making a fine Figure, signifies to make a fine Shew; or Raree-shew: And I must own, that all the Figure some People make in the World, seems to be a mere Raree-shew. Other Meaning of the Word Figure I know none.

Cutting

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Cutting a Figure is still less intelligible; unless as explain'd above; so I leave the Propriety of that Expression to Persons who are greater Criticks in the Language than myself.

My next Remark is of those Words; *What need I have of any Respect for any Man living beside myself?* Tho' the Expression is not extraordinary proper, we ought to consider, that the Gentleman was so full of himself, that he cou'd think of nothing else. Doubtless he had a vast Regard for his sweet self; and really seems to speak like a Man of Birth and Figure, to use his own Expression: For don't Persons, in his Circumstances, still endeavour to make all things center in themselves? Don't they think all Persons, at least their Inferiors, obliged in Duty to be their Slaves, whether Dependents, or not? Did you ever see Persons of Figure value any thing but what was serviceable to them; or think it becoming their Grandeur, to have any Regard for any one, when they ceased to be so? The Gentleman in this Place spoke the real Truth of the Matter; or, at least, as it was represented in his Ideas, by reason of the Repletion of his Coffers, and was more to be pitied than blam'd. A Third Remark is, that he cou'd not bear the Thought of being Obliged. In this I am not ignorant he speaks the Sense of the
Gene-

Generality of the World. Since none but Persons of old antiquated unfashionable Notions, can bear the Thought of being grateful: 'Tis so known a Principle in the Practice of the World, that, to oblige a Person very much, especially if he be your Superior, is to make him your Enemy for ever after; that I shall say no more of, as being a Remark too common for a Philosopher.

My last Remark is, that the Honourable Mr. *Freak* shou'd say, but above all, *be hated Churchmen*. I can't but wonder, I say, that such an Expression shou'd drop from the Mouth of a true Protestant, as Mr. *Freak*, to give him his Due, always profess'd himself to be; nor did I ever hear, that he was the least tinctured with the blasphemous, inconsistent Notions of Free-thinkers unless we allow it to be the Effect of his Distemper. But what compleats my Astonishment is, that such wild Notions shou'd be so prodigious rise, not only with Persons of his Circumstances, but even with vast Numbers, whom, in other Matters, one wou'd take yet to enjoy the Right Use of their Senses: Infomuch, that I fear the Distemper will become Epidemical. For why may not there be Plagues and Pestilences in Mens Judgments, as well as in their Bodies? 'Tis as shrew'd a Sign of a *Phrensy*, when Persons begin to rail at their Spiritual

tual Doctors, as when they resist their Corporal ones.

I am often admitted into the Company of Papists, as well as others; as there are a great many learned and polite Men among them, and who, one wou'd think, shou'd have a greater Respect for their Infallible Directors. But even there the Itch of talking against Churchmen begins to be pretty much in Vogue. Whether it be by conversing more than usual with Wicked and irreligious Persons, profane Wits, and the like; for the Distempers of the Brain, as Irreligion certainly is, may be as catching as those of the Body, and I am sure, of worse Consequence: Or, whether some Persons may think it proper to cry down all Religion, in order to wean them from the Tye they have for their own Church: Which, by the bye, is a very odd way to make Protestants of them: Or, whether it be out of that general Spirit of Profaneness, which seems to be the predominant Sin of the present Age: Or, in fine, whether it proceeds from a ridiculous way of thinking peculiar to some People, who may imagine that the Sublimity of the Subject, when they scoff at Religion, may make Nonsense pass for Wit. However it be, when I hear a Person of any Perswasion begin to rail at Churchmen, I mark him down, not only for a Man of vile Principles, but for one
who

Or, The Golden Calf.

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who has a soft Place in his Head, and design to apply my Thoughts for a proper Cure for him, provided my Glass won't do. Besides, there seems to be a great deal of Envy in the Case; for, in Reality, over and above the Sacredness of their Character, grounded on the same Foundation with our Religion, if we consider the Matter impartially, we shall find Churchmen of most Perswasions, to be generally speaking, the most learned, and I believe, I may say, the brightest Men, in their respective Ranks. This will appear, if we go gradually thro' the different Degrees and Dignities in Church and State, beginning from the lowest Ranks first. For Example: The Country Curate in his little Village is often the ablest Man in the Parish. If we go a Step higher, the Rector is oftentimes a Justice of Peace, or frequently better qualified for it than those that are. Your dignified Clergymen, as Doctors of Divinity, Heads of Colleges, Deans, Vice-chancellors, and the like, may be compar'd with your better Sort of Gentry, as Knights, Squires, &c. where I believe the Preference for Learning, Prudence, Conduct, or even Politeness, will be easily determin'd. Then I am sure your Lords Spiritual don't come short of our Temporal Lords, Number for Number in any Qualifications that can render a Nobleman worthy his Title. Our very Constitution

stitution seems to give them the Preference, since they are always nam'd before the Temporal Lords. If some of them shou'd have no more Morals than some of the Nobility, they may have other Qualities that excel them. Again, if we turn over the Histories of our own and other Kingdoms, we shall find Churchmen to have been as able Ministers, and as fit for the Cabinet, as any Rank of Men whatsoever: In foreign Countries, several of them are Sovereign Princes, and govern their Subjects with as much Justice and Equity as other Princes; and the Subjects seem to be as well satisfied with their Government. The Bishops and Clergy, in those Parts, where they are not Sovereign Princes, are generally esteem'd Men of very eminent Characters, and highly respected by all. *Italy*, allow'd to be one of the most Wise and Politick Nations in the World, has been chiefly Govern'd by Churchmen for nigh a Thousand Years. And there is a Governing Churchman in a powerful Neighbouring Nation, whom we may find, to our Cost, to be a very Great Man. Wherefore, if ever I hear any Person of any Degree talk against Churchmen, I shall single out a Churchman of his own Rank, who shall outshine him in every Respect, and shew him, that 'tis either Want of Judgment, or out of Envy, or perhaps both, that induces him

him to talk at that Rate. I myself have heard some Noblemen give a Reason why their Chaplains are to retire as soon as Grace is over ; because it was not fit for Men of their grave Character to hear the Discourses Persons of Figure entertain themselves with over their Cups: Which to me seem'd a very odd one. The *English* of it must be this: That it is no Disgrace, for Persons of the most elevated Dignity, to entertain themselves with such Discourse, as is a Shame for Men of Learning and Gravity to hear.

I have some Thoughts of procuring a Patent, in order to erect a *New Bedlam* peculiarly adapted for the Entertainment of profane Wits, and Shatter-brains, who lash at the Deity, and ridicule every thing that's Sacred in their Writings and Discourse ; where Persons of such exuberant Sallies may be kept under proper Discipline, till they can talk and write like Men of Sense. For is it not as great, and as dangerous a Madness, not only to pervert the right Use of Reason in one's self, but likewise to endeavour to destroy it in others, as it is to run with a Naked Sword ready to kill any one that comes in the way ? I hope all Persons of sound Judgment, who respect the Dignity of a Rational Being, will contribute to the Undertaking. In the mean time, I will employ

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my Thoughts to find out proper Remedies for the Distemper. I have already provided a proper Habit for them, which is a long straight Coat, with Picces of different Colours sewed to it, most drawing upon the Yellow. The Hood is to be all over Yellow, as a Symbol that the Distemper lyes in the Pericranium, with two great Ears, for all the World, like those of an Ass, whose Wagging backwards and forwards will wonderfully refrigerate the Heat of the Imagination, and bring it to a much calmer Temper. Whosoever therefore shall hear any profane Persons of any Age, Sex, or Dignity, talking against the Deity, the Scripture, the Christian Religion, the Character of Churchmen, and the like, I order them, by vertue of my Philosophical Authority, to lay hold of such Persons, and bring them to me; where, with proper Keeping, and wearing this Hood and Coat for some time, I don't question but they may be Cured of this Intellectual Phrensy, since it is certainly an Infection of the Brain, and even catching too, without great Care; and so be brought to the Right Use of their Nature Talents. But to return to my Testimonies, of which I cou'd produce a great Number, but shall bring but one more of a Noble Lord, who stood most in need of my Glass of any one I have yet cured. It is as follows.

The

*The Testimony of the Right Honourable
Lord Crushum.*

I DO Allow Mr. *Joakim Philander* to publish the wonderful Cure he perform'd on myself, by Help of his Psychop-tick Looking-Glass: And that the World shou'd not doubt of the Certainty of it, I shall give a short Account of it under my Hand, for Encouragement of others labouring under the like unhappy Circumstances: While I was only Presumptive Heir to my Title and Estate, I lived with a good tolerable Reputation in Town and Country: I had the Address to hide my Vicious Inclinations, so as neither to be loved nor hated; but rather, with the Hopes of being worthy of the Dignity to which I was Presumptive Heir. I pass'd over the frolicksome and most dangerous Time of Youth, without any heinous Note of Debauchery and Profaneness; and was come to such Years of Discretion, as to be capable of forming Designs for the Encrease of my Grandeur and Interest: When unfortunately, I say, unfortunately for myself, tho' others might look upon't as a great Happiness, the Title and Estate, I now enjoy, fell to me with a Prospect of much greater, when some Lives and Legacies were run out. Upon this I became the most alter'd

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Man in the World. Tho' I had lived in a moderate Fortune with suitable Inclinations, I began to form prodigious Designs for augmenting my Dignity, and encreasing my Power, by all manner of ways just or unjust, provided I cou'd but bear it out. I grew a perfect Tyrant to all within my Reach: Oppressing my Inferiors with unjust Claims, and vexatious Law-Suits, especially those, I thought had not Courage enough to withstand the Name of a Lord, carrying my Privileges to the Extremity, breaking in upon those of others, and threaten'd Death or Ruin, to such Inferiors as wou'd not yield up their Right, and had really like to have hang'd a Substantial Farmer's Son for shooting my Sparrows. I gave positive Orders to my Slaves, to do it, only they were wiser than myself. In short, I became so Despotick, that I look'd upon all, inferior to my Quality, no better than franchised Slaves, whom I had an inherent Right to bring to Subjection if I cou'd. But nothing troubles me more than my prodigious Ingratitude, with Respect to those who had been Instrumental in securing my Fortune. Instead of rewarding them, I look'd upon them as my greatest Enemies: I employ'd Spies upon them to draw them into some resenting Discourse to bring them under *Scan. Mag.* Then it was a prodigious Tendernefs, if I did not devour them. In

J. J. 667

a Word,

a Word, 'tis almost inexpressible to what a Height of Pride and Oppression I was arrived. But upon viewing myself thoroughly in the celebrated Pfychoptick Looking-Glass, and the kind Pains the Charitable Mr. *Philander* took in my Conversion, sometimes shewing me my own Deformity; then again representing to me the true Character of a Nobleman, with those shining Qualities which ought to be inherent in true Nobility almost by their Birth-right; I became so much myself, as to condescend to the publishing this Testimony; which I do hereby acknowledge to be true upon my Honour.

Crushum.

I am confident, it will be very much to the Reader's Satisfaction, to give him an Account of some diverting Circumstances in the Cure of this Noble Lord: I had heard very great Clamours of his Exorbitances; and out of that Tendernefs so natural to me, I was resolv'd to try if my Glass wou'd do him any Good. I put my Man in a New Livery, and myself in the best Garb I cou'd, to make as handsome a *Figure* as my squab Shape would allow: Without this, I knew he wou'd Turn me off to his Steward, who is one of the wretchedest, sniveling ill-looking Fellows as ever stretched a Bill, or a Halter. Being admitted to my Audience, he received me with

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a supercilious Look, between Scorn and Carelessness, with a *Well, Sir, your Business!* I told him with an exceeding low Bow, that I came to wait on his Lordship with a Proposal, that might be of very great Advantage to him. Immediately, at the Word *Advantage*, he cleared up his Brow, and desired me to take a Seat; nay, was so officiously civil, that he took a Chair himself, and placed me at the Top of the Room, with a, Sir, you look like a Gentleman, and, upon my Word, you shall sit. I soon guess'd at my Man; and to try him further, I added, that I cou'd put his Lordship in a way of recovering a considerable Estate, he wanted an Occasion to sue for: That it wou'd cost nothing but a few false Oaths; with the Ruin of two or three Orphans, and a small Aggravation of Ingratitude, because their Father had been a fast Friend to his Lordship in Time of Need. Pish, said he, that's Nothing; come to the Point. I told him I had a Paper of Instructions would satisfy him; while, pretending to fumble for it, I slip't out my Glass, which is as rare for its Workmanship, as Vertues, being curiously Enamell'd, and set with some precious Stones of great Value. The Sight of it struck him immediately, and asking me what it was, I told him, 'twas a Curiosity scarce to be paralll'd, if his Lordship consider'd it nicely. Upon the first Glance,

whether

whether he smelt out my Drift ; or whether his own Deformity was so shocking to him, I can't tell ; but he jump'd up with a Fury inexpressible, clapping his Hand to the Place of his Sword, either to kill me or himself ; but finding he had it not on, he call'd out to his Servants, to kick me out of the Room. I, fearing the worst, having had some such Brunts before now, immediately turn'd the Reverse of the Glass wherein a True Nobleman, with all the shining Qualities which ought to be in him, were set out to a glorious Advantage ; and his Lordship the Person represented. There was true Honour, Magnanimity, Integrity, Sincerity, Munificence, Courtesy, Affability, Generosity, supporting him on one Side ; and Benevolence, Good Wishes, Loyal Affection, Fidelity, Love and Gratitude, attending him on the other. This pleasing Sight calm'd him a little, so as to ask me what was the Meaning of all this ? I told him I was come to make him really such, as he appear'd to be in that Glass : But that he must have the Patience to see himself represented, as it was in the first, and that frequently, before he cou'd come up to the Model of the Second. He shrugg'd up his Shoulders, and express'd such a prodigious Aversion to the Prospect of his own Deformities, that it set him a Reaching and Vomiting,

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miting, as if his Heart wou'd come out: So that I was forced to cover my Glafs, and let him fee himself Bit by Bit, till we had run over his whole former self; when, to our wonderful Satisfaction, he appear'd to be the same on both Sides. 'Tis astonishing to tell what we pared off, and threw away, as a Gardener wou'd his Rubbish, before we effected a perfect Cure; and to shew, that it was entire, he offer'd me one half of his Estate for the Kindness I had done him: But I told him with a Smile, that a true Philosopher was above Money; so I took my Leave.

These are only a small Part of the Testimonies I cou'd produce to shew the wonderful Effects of this incomparable Glafs. But I hope these may be sufficient, to let the Reader see, I don't impose on his Credulity. Neither will it be amiss, to make some General Observations on the foregoing Cures, before I proceed to other Matters.

C H A P. VIII.

Some General, but very proper Observations on the preceding Certificates, and their Cures.

I. **T**HAT most of these my Patients, were Persons of very good Sense and Parts, before they fell into such Exorbitances

bitances by their newly acquired Riches : Which nevertheless ought not to prejudicate the Divine Qualities of Gold ; altho' such Diliriums and Inconveniences shou'd attend a Surfeit of it ; for as a plentiful Table nicely accommodated, is a very good Expedient for the Preservation of Health ; yet may cause very great Disorders in the natural OEconomy, unless taken with Moderation, and on a Stomach capable of good Digestion ; so a plentiful Fortune is a great Blessing, if it falls into the Hands of Persons, who won't let themselves be too much dazzled with the Lustre of it. If they shou'd, it will be apt to cause the Disorders already mention'd ; to the Subversion of the whole Intellectual System. For doubtless a Surfeit of Gold is the most dangerous Surfeit of all others, except in those who were as good as Fools before. In that Case, it operates just the contrary Effects.

II. 'Tis observable, that all Persons who were cured by the Efficacy of my Glass, were prodigiously startled at the first Sight of themselves ; and no Wonder ; since the Fumes of the surfeiting Gold had so intoxicated them, that they thought themselves the most amiable Creatures in the World ; imagining every thing that belong'd to them to be as bright as the Metal that surrounded them : Till my Glass, like the
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Diamond Lance which the Angel held before * *Rinaldo*, discover'd the Vanity of this Fool's Paradise, where the more they thought themselves amiable, the more they found themselves deform'd. Neither cou'd they ever be thoroughly cured, till they were made sensible of their own Deformity.

A III^d Observation is, as the Reader might easily remark himself, that most, or all of these Patients, were extremely subject to Ingratitude, and a total Forgetfulness of past Benefits: Unless their Benefactors happen'd to be as great Personages as themselves; or might be capable of conferring new Benefits. Then indeed they carefs each other at a strange Rate; tho' most in outward Ceremony: For the Fumes of Gold, and the Sense of Gratitude, are scarce ever compatible in the same Skull. The one seems to infer a sort of a Dependence on others for what they have received; whereas Gold is adapted to make others depend on it. I know different Constitutions make the Distemper appear in various Forms: But you will find them subject to Ingratitude in some manner or other. With a Contempt of all who have not so great Estates as themselves.

IV^{thly}, There is another natural Observation which I presume the Reader may

* *Tasso's Godfrey of Ballogna.*

have

have made in his own Mind already; but perhaps not the Reasons for it. That is, why there is never a Woman mention'd in all my Cures; and but very few Lords. As to the first, the Reason is, because Pride, Vanity, Self-Love, Contempt and Envy of others, with a strange Hoyty-Toyty Giddiness in the Head, is almost natural to Women from their Cradle, without the Help of Gold, and therefore harder to be cured: Whereas the Persons mention'd in the last Chapter, fell into their Distempers accidentally, as not having Skulls proper to bear the vast Inundation of a great Estate pouring in upon them. Besides, Women are accustomed to be flattered from their Infancy, that their Natures won't bear the Representation of themselves just as they are: Tho', to do them Justice, I don't find that great and sudden Fortunes make such vast Alteration in their Tempers, as they do in Men. I never had the Courage to try the Experiment but on one Lady; who was a Person of very shining Qualifications, with several Failings as conspicuous, being much alter'd for the worse, by a sudden Encrease of her Fortune. As soon as ever she saw herself in my Glass, she scream'd out as if she had been struck thro' the Heart, and fell immediately into such a Fit, that I was forced to call for Help, and be very busy in applying a Bottle of Spirits I had in

in my Pocket, to avoid Suspicion of something worse, and sheer'd off as soon as ever she was upon the Recovery. For I know she wou'd never endure the Sight of me again. Neither, as I was since inform'd, cou'd she venture to look in a Glass for a great while after: Nay, she trembles every time she sets herself at her Toilet, to this Day.

As to the 2d, *viz.* why I mention so few Lords in all my Cures; to tell the real Truth, I cured but very few, and that too with a vast deal of Difficulty. I don't know what it is, but our own modern Persons of Quality, and even the *Bigger* sort of Gentry, are so hard of Access, for any one that does not come in his Coach and Six, that a Man of a moderate Fortune won't find Admittance for any intimate Conversation, let the Ornaments of his Mind be what they will, unless he lays out half his yearly Income to equip himself for a Visit. They think it beneath their Character to give any serious Attention to what a Person of an inferior Rank shall say; and to pretend to advise your Superiors, is a very great Affront; while all, who have considerably greater Fortunes than yourself, are so: 'Tis true, if you can cringe like a Spaniel, and applaud every thing his Lordship, or his Honour says; or by a sort of Buffoonry, make yourself ridiculous to all the rest of the Company: Or, in fine,
be

be serviceable in some Matters, a Man of a Liberal Education will not dirty his Fingers with ; then truly you may be taken notice of for some time : Otherwise, you must not pretend to give your Reasons before your Betters. Besides, when you make a Visit to Persons of higher Rank, you are obliged to pay Part of their Servants Wages before you take your Leave ; or else you will be affronted almost in the Master's Sight. You must run the Gantlet thro' a Train of *Valet de Chambres*, Waiting-men and Lacquies, making Mocks and Mews at you as you go, that truly in spight of all my Philosophy, my cross-shap'd Face has been several times put out of Countenance by Persons who were not fit to carry my Philosophical Cloak after me.

Anciently, Persons of Quality valued themselves in being the Patrons of Men of Learning. They made them their intimate Companions in their more retired Hours. They did not draw any Conclusions of the Value of a Man from his outward Garb, but from the Ornaments of his Mind. To converse with learned Men, was properly to live. The rest they look'd upon as a burthenfome Ceremony : But the Reverse seems to be the Life of the great Ones at present. All their Delight is in Hurry and Bustle. As a certain Lord of my Acquaintance, who has been dead some Years since,
and

and was otherwise a Man of fine Sense, was used to say, *There is a Grandeur in Noise*. However, I won't pretend to give Rules for Taste : Some People were born in a Hurricane; others, like the *Hottentots*, may love Guts and Garbage better than *French Ragouts*. There are Modes and Fashions of the Mind as well as of the outward Garb: If our Quality can take more Delight in the Conversation of a well-dress'd Fool, than of a Man of Sense in an old Coat, why shou'd I arraign their Taste? I am only speaking of Matter of Fact; since 'tis evident, if a Person is not in some Proportion of equal Quality with the rest of the Company, or equally rich; which is all one, if his Father had been a Scavenger, such a Person must sit like a Mum-chance without saying a Word; unless he has a Mind to be gaped at for something very extraordinary; or can make his way by the Dint of his Forehead. I myself, with all my Talents, both natural and acquir'd, have been several times in Company with Persons, whom, as the Saying is, I cou'd have turned inside outward; yet should have been look'd upon as very impertinent by the honourable Board, had I pretended to Share in the Discourse, as I shou'd have been, in effect, had I been the Author of it.

The

The Adventure of the Inn.

BUT to convince my Reader how much the World is led away by outward Appearances; and what a slender Value the great Ones put on the Ornaments of the Mind, when they are lodg'd in Persons of an inferior Rank, I shall relate a very particular Adventure I met with in some of my Travels. I happen'd once to call at a great Inn between *London* and *Edinburgh*. I remember, it was just after I came from curing my Lord *Crusbum*, when if my Reader has not forgot, I told him, myself and my Servant were in the most genteel Garb we had been in, of a long time. My Landlady, a good jolly fat Woman, seeing my Man's new Livery and my laced Ruffles, besides a certain Air, which in spite of my squab Shape, made me look like a Gentleman, immediately she shew'd me the best Room, and ask'd me what I pleas'd to have for Supper. I told her it was time enough; perhaps more Company might come in. So I call'd for a Pint of Claret, and sat me down in an arm'd Chair, before a good rowling Fire; for it was very cold, tho' we were pretty far advanc'd in the Spring. I had not sat a Quarter of an Hour, but there came in the Earl of *Egerland*, as we found afterwards, tho' he was
Incog.

112 VITULUS AUREUS:

Incog. with only one Servant, and with him Sir *Thomas Tumbledown*, a jolly Baronet, who was half-Seas over when he came in. We had scarce made our Bows, and said *Nothing*, after the *English* Fashion, when there came in Two Gentlemen of a good Mien enough, but in a travelling Dress, and by their Behaviour Strangers to one another, or but lately acquainted, who before we parted, discover'd themselves to be the Viscount *Vallamour*, and my Lord *Laffington*. And in a short time after, Sir *Philip Friendly* and one Mr. *Manly*, both Gentlemen of fair Characters and great Estates, tho', as then, every Couple Strangers to the rest. The Reader must pardon my being so particular, because their Meeting was so. It seems there had been a Report of a Farmer's Daughter, who had an immense Fortune fell to her, and was lately come to take Possession of her Estate; and these Gentlemen were come *Incog.* to enquire about her, and met accidentally at that Inn. The Earl of *Egerland* was already smitten with her Fortune, for he talk'd very much like a Man in Love, which, I presume, every one knows is out-of-the-way: With some Sallies whimsical enough, as he was really a Man of Wit. The Landlady was surpris'd at so much good Company, and ask'd every Couple, if they wou'd sup apart.

Sir

Sir *Thomas Tumble-down* propos'd Supping all together: The rest approved of it; but very civilly adressed themselves to me, as having the first Possession of the Room: I told them I approv'd of it extreamly, since I had not met with such genteel Company a great while. The Reader must remember, that not one of them own'd their Quality; having each of them but one Servant, who gave no Titles to any Body. Well, Supper was brought in, we fell to, and sat mute a good while. We seem'd a little afraid of one another, lest we shou'd be of different Parties. My Lord *Laffington*, as we found him to be afterwards, turn'd towards Viscount *Vallainous*, and to shew that he was a Politician, wou'd talk of nothing but indifferent things in mixt Company. So he began to talk of Fashions, and said that his Taylor assured him, there wou'd be a Tip-Top Fashion invented by an *English* Taylor next *May*, that wou'd put all the *French* Modes out of Countenance. Taylor (says the Viscount) are Taylors the Authors of Fashions? Yes surely, says t'other, who else but Taylors, Milliners, Peruke-Makers, &c. can give a Sanction to Modes and Fashions for all the Quality over the World; unless you will allow Shop-keepers to have a Share, for the greater Sale of their Goods? And how cou'd the Quality make Shift to spend their Estates

so fast, if so many fashionable Expences did not come into their Assistance? Some of the Company smiled at such improving Discourse. However, they soon varied the Discourse; and after a good deal of Smut and Profaneness, Lord *Laffington* began to talk ridiculously enough of Love, Rivals, Settlements, and the like, that I began to smell out there was something of a Mistress in the Case of this Accidental Meeting. So I endeavour'd to turn off all Discourse of Love for fear of Scandal or Quarrels. Then the Viscount being in favour at Court, began to give himself Airs, and talk'd of Great Men, and State Affairs with a Freedom that did not relish with the rest of the Company. As I had the Privilege of the Great Chair (for I did not then know their Quality) I turn'd off that Discourse also; and, look-ye, Gentlemen, said I, we are most of us Strangers to one another; and had the good Fortune to meet thus accidentally. The Wine is tolerably good; let us drink one another's Healths, and be as merry as we can, and leave Affairs of State to those that sit at the Helm. Sir *Thomas Tumbledown*, Sir *Philip Friendly*, and Mr. *Manly* seconded me: So we began to lay aside our Reservedness, and talk freely of different Subjects as they fell in. We were all of us in Appearance of equal Footing; not tied to slavish Ceremonies, any more than what was

was due to Personal Merit; and to give them their Due, they seem'd to pay a great Deference to my Judgment in most Points; the Lords, as well as the rest, supposing me to be a Man of Fortune, like themselves; and cou'd easily see I was their Superior in Learning and Experience. At last, among other things, we fell on the Subject of Gentility, with the great Advantages of being born of an antient Family; and having one's Veins ennobled with the Blood of worthy Ancestors. Upon this, the Viscount said; that he had a great Respect for Quality and Titles; whether ancient, or newly acquired, was much the same, provided they had Estates equal to their Titles; but a sovereign Contempt for your little Gentry of long Descents but short Rent-rolls; whom he call'd Country Squirts instead of Squires, who cou'd boast of nothing but an ancient Bearing in their Coats, with Stories of the Prowess of their Fore-fathers without an Estate to support their Birth. That for his Part, he cou'd have no Respect for any one under a Knight, or an Estate capable of buying a Patent. I was nettled at this, for all my natural Calmness, as being only a younger Brother myself, but of a very ancient Family, in which some of my Ancestors had considerable Losses; on account of their Loyalty. My Philosophical Phlegm was so mov'd, that I was going to draw my

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Glass

Glaſs at him; only I conſidered, he was born with a wrong way of Thinking, as I ſaw by his Phiz, which gave me a Natural Averſion to the Man at firſt Sight. So I turn'd to him, with a Sir, ſaid I, tho' I have not the Honour to be acquainted with ye, I preſume by your Dreſs you are a *Gentleman*, which I am ſure is no diſgraceful Title to any one, let him be of the Higheſt Quality, and ſhews the Dignity of a Gentleman by an univerſal Approbation received in all Countries and Ages. In Foreign Countries, and thoſe the moſt polite, Gentility and Nobility are ſynonimous: Their Wives and Daughters, when you ſpeak of them in the Plural Number, are call'd Ladies. Even Kings and Princes, when they go *Incog.* may take the Character of a Gentleman, without any Blemiſh to their Dignity; nay, may converſe with them with their Crownſon their Heads. A Gentleman, as ſuch, may on an Affront, demand Satisfaction with Sword in Hand, of Perſons of the firſt Rank, and poſt them for Cowards, if they reſuſe it, without *Scan. Mag.* In ſine, Sir, Gentility is the Foundation of True Nobility; and I am ſure, any Duke or Peer in *England* wou'd take it as a heinous Affront, if you ſhou'd ſay, they were no Gentlemen. Why have we an unequal Reſpect, an inferior one, at leaſt, for Perſons of equal Titles, but unequal Births,
but

but because these, perhaps, were not Gentlemen when they received their Titles, and the others were? Why do Persons of new-born Quality rummage the Heralds-Office, to find or borrow a Coat of Arms, but because they think the Character of a Gentleman, an Honour to their Titles, and the want of it a Disgrace? You see, Sir, what a large Field of Argument I have on my Side, as I believe the Company are sensible of it. With that, I gave an easy Look round the Board, who, as I saw, applauded my Discourse, and Solidity of the Reasons. My Spark grumbl'd a little, but put it off handsomely enough; and shew'd he was a Man of Breeding, if he was not a Gentleman.

Here Sir *Thomas Tumbledown* stood up as well as he cou'd, and said, Gentlemen, shall we lose all the Night with these d—n'd Discourses? Rot all Discourse for me, it does but spoil Company; where stands the Glass, I shan't be merry, these three Hours, at this Rate; so he fills a Bumper to his Left-hand Man, which went round; when Mr. *Manly* interpos'd. Under-favour Sir *Thomas*, said he (for it seems, he knew him) perhaps we shall not meet with a Person of this Gentleman's Learning and Experience this great while: Pray, Sir, said he, addressing himself to me, what is your Opinion concerning a Question, that has
I 3 been

been often handled, but never thoroughly determin'd; I mean, which is the most Honourable, a Person, who has rais'd himself to Titles and Dignities by his own personal Merits; or a Person whose Honours descended to him from a long Train of Noble Ancestors? or do you think them equally Honourable? Aye, Sir, says Sir *Philip Friendly*, pray let us have your Decision on the Point. I did not blush at the Praises they gave me, being conscious to myself of my own Talents, at least with respect to that Company. Only I thank'd them for the Compliment; and turning myself to Mr. *Manly*, whom I found to be the most judicious Man of them all, I said, Sir, the Question you propos'd, has not only never been determin'd, but I believe never fully understood. If you mean, which is most Honourable of Two Titles, the one of a long Standing, the other newly erected, there can be no Dispute the ancientest Duke, Earl, Baron, &c. is allow'd by our Laws to take the first Place. If you mean, which is most to be esteem'd personally, he that has a great Deal of personal Merit, or he that has none of his own? the very stating the Question decides the Point: For surely Merit deserves more Esteem, than no Merit at all. If you suppose them both to have equal personal Merit: Tho' the one does not advance his Fortune any Higher,

nor

nor perhaps needs it, and the other has raised himself by his personal Merit, to an equal Dignity; yet doubtless he that has the ancientest Title, with his own Merit, has a greater Honour due to him on account of his Ancestors: Nay, the Merits and Glory of his Ancestors are properly his; first by preserving them entire, and not disparaging them by any personal Demerit. And *2dly*, by adding his own Merits to those of his Ancestors, he shines with a double Lustre, one Part of which the other wants. As, on the other hand, a Person who tarnishes the Lustre of his Family and Title, is a Blot to himself and them. For surely, a degenerate Nobleman is a very despicable Mortal. Well, but says Mr. *Manly*, put the Case that the Nobleman of the ancienter Family does not indeed disgrace his Dignity, but adds nothing to it; having nothing extraordinary to recommend him or disrecommmend him: Whereas the other, by his personal Merit, has rais'd himself to an equal Dignity. Which of the Two in this Supposition deserves the greater Esteem? It shou'd seem the latter deserves the Preference; because, as it is an Honour to a Man to have built his Fortune by his personal Merit alone, and on his own Bottom; so it may seem a sort of a Discredit, not to have advanced himself above what was left him by his Ancestors. Sir, said I, tho'

this is pushing the Dispute to a very nice Point, my Opinion is, that the ancient Nobleman still deserves the Preference: Because the new-rai'd Man has only the Merits of one to boast of, tho' we suppose them to be his own: Whereas the other has a long Series of Worthies to be put into the Balance, many of which, or at least the first, might be of equal Merit with the new-rai'd Man. 'Tis not much less glorious to maintain one's ancient Dignity, than to acquire it: Besides, if he does not shine with any distinguishing Lustre of his own, he is in actual Possession of that of his Ancestors. If he has not encreas'd it, he has preserv'd it entire. The hereditary Glory which has shone thro' so many Generations, as it carries an Encrease of Lustre along with it, so is it an invincible Proof of its intrinsic Value. In fine, if, as I said before, Gentility is the Foundation of Nobility, and is always an Ornament to it, he must of Necessity deserve the Preference before the other, who perhaps commenced Gentleman and Nobleman at the same time. In short, Gentlemen, I have a very great Veneration for Noble and Ancient Blood; insomuch, that I can't but esteem a Gentleman, who has the Blood of a long Series of worthy Ancestors running in his Veins, tho' without a Title, before Coronets without Gentility. Much more shall

Shall I give him the Preference to a degenerate Nobleman, who disgraces his Ancestors, and is a Stain to the Ermin he wears.

Here the Company gave a little Clap by way of Applause; and Mr. *Manly* added he was of the same Opinion; only he was willing to have his Sentiments confirm'd by mine: When Sir *Thomas Tumbledown* (who it seems was of a very ancient Family himself) descended by the Mother's Side from the *Bibuli*, who had been settled of a long standing in the *Lower Saxony*, and came into this Kingdom with *Hengist* and *Horfa*. The celebrated *Roxena*, who caus'd King *Vortigern* to drink himself out of his Senses and Kingdom, was of the same Family. I say, the Baronet, with a Bumper in one Hand, gave me a swinging Slap on the Shoulder with the t'other, and by a good Token, spilt some of the Claret, and stain'd my Laced Ruffles into the Bargain; here's thy Health, old Boy, says he, I don't question but thou art come of Noble Blood thyself. I love ancient Nobility with all my Heart: Witness my dear Earl *Egerland*. Here! Earl *Egerland*! says some of the Company: At which there was a full Stop: Ay, Gentlemen, says the Earl, and since Sir *Thomas* has blurted it out, I fancy the rest of the Company are something more than they seem to be. And since we are met accidentally, and seem to like one another

another's Company, I hope it will be no Offence, if I desire the Discovery of your Persons and Quality. After a little Demur, they agreed and declar'd themselves one by one, without telling the Reasons of their being *Incog.* till it came to my Turn; But by that Time I was got out of the Arm'd Chair, knowing it to be against modern Breeding even to sit on the Level with Persons of Quality, but slunk down to the lower End of the Table, and really with a sheepish Look enough, begg'd Pardon as humbly as my Philosophical Dignity would allow, for making use of the Privilege of Travellers, which they out of good Breeding, had almost forced me to. In short, I told them I was but a younger Brother, of a very ancient Family, but of a slender Fortune, just enough to keep myself and Servant, as they saw——It would have surpris'd you to see what a contemptible Sneer some of the Company gave at this; particularly the Viscount. D——mn him, says he, I thought it was some such Squire or other: How durst a Fellow of no Fortune talk at this Rate *before* Quality, and of Quality too: I'll be hang'd, if he be not some poor Virtuoso or other; or at the best, some turn'd-off Chaplain of a Man of Quality, who gives himself Airs with the Gleanings of his Lord's Table. I suppose, he judg'd so by my grave Dress, but did not

ob-

observe my Laced Ruffles, which Churchmen don't wear, nor Swords, as I had, as a Badge of Gentility. No, my Lord, said I, with a modest Assurance, worthy a Philosopher, but a little settled at the same time, such Improvements are not generally to be acquir'd at Lords Tables; unless they wou'd give their Chaplains Leave to talk more than they do. But I can assure you, I am no such a Man: Tho' I have a great Respect for the Cloth; but ~~now~~ by this appears the prodigious Force of Prejudice, and a wrong Education: When you look'd on me as a Person of equal Rank with yourselves, you seem'd to admire my Talents, and applauded every thing I said: Now you find me to be a Man of no Fortune, you arraign my good Sense on that Account. Why, does the Loss of a Man's Fortune necessarily imply the Loss of his Wits? Or, suppose a Person of a superior Genius, improved by a liberal Education, does the Want of a great Estate, or Title, make his Learning and Experience ever the less? He may want some trivial Points of Modes and Ceremonies, which the Quality have introduced among themselves, no Body knows how, or why; but will any one, whose Head is better furnished than his Purse, think the worse of him for that? Put the Case I had lost my Estate by some honourable Misfortune, if any think that's

honour-

honourable can be call'd Misfortune, must all my inward Endowments be confiscated at the same Time? Or must a Man be impertinent, because he has more Sense and Learning without an Estate, than another has with one? As for my Discourse of true Nobility, may not a Person without a Coronet know the Value of its Jewels, as well as he that wears it? I was going on in my Philosophical Zeal, when the Viscount, to shew his Breeding, cries out in *French*, *Quelle Impertinence?* tossing up his Nose, and turning his Rump towards me. But I, to be even with him, whipt out my Glass, and gave a slant Sketch of him to the rest of the Company; it cast such a Damp upon him by Rebound, that he immediately cry'd out, *Who's There!* So off went four of them, that is, the Earl, the Viscount, Lord *Lassington* and Sir *Thomas*, to entertain themselves with proper Discourse. But Sir *Philip* and Mr. *Manly* turn'd to me, and said, they shou'd be proud of my further Acquaintance, desiring me to give them a more particular Account of my Name and Person. I told them without any Hesitation that my Name was *Philander*, whom perhaps they might have heard of, but never knew till then. *Philander!* cry'd they both together; what particular Good Fortune conducted us to this Place! and, pray Sir, says Sir *Philip*, may not we beg the Fa-

your

your of you to shew us that famous Glass so much talk'd of: We suppose you always carry it about you: We thought we saw some very particular Vibrations of Light round the Room when the Lords went off: Gentlemen, said I, I don't question but I may shew it to such worthy Personages, without any Difficulty. So I drew it out, and presented it to Sir *Philip*: Who, as soon as he saw himself in it, gave a little Start; but look'd on very steadily afterwards. Then added with a Smile, I see Sir, that 'tis very proper for every one to look in this Glass, since I must own, I never saw so much of myself before. I find the Grandeur and false Maxims of the World, Flattery of Dependents, and that Share of Self-Love every one carries along with him, will make a Man appear in false Colours sometimes. I can assure you, I shall endeavour to bring myself to the Model I see in the Reverse. And with that gave the Glass to Mr. *Mandy*, whom I ey'd particularly all the while he look'd in it, and, to my wonderful Satisfaction, found he never alter'd his Countenance in the least: But upon re-delivering the Glass, said with a little Surprise, that he saw nothing more in that Glass than he did in another. Only he thought it made him look something less than the Glass in the Room did, and turn'd to the great Glass that hung up in the Room before

fore us. I cou'd not forbear running to him, and embraced him with all the Tenderness imaginable. Sir, said I, you are the only Person I ever met with in whom my Glass made so little Alteration. Your appearing something less, than you thought your self, is only the Effect of the Glass paring off those Desires we have naturally of setting our selves out to the best Advantages, as if we were standing on Tip-toes. Continue that Study and Knowledge of your self, you are so far advanced in already, with a pure Intention, merely to cultivate your Mind; and you will appear in my Glass, just as you are, without Augmentation or Diminution. They gave me a Thousand Thanks for the Favour I did them: Begg'd the Continuance of my Acquaintance and Friendship, and made me the Offer of their Houses and Fortunes, if I wou'd but come and live with them. I was pleas'd at their generous Offers, more for their Sakes, than my own: But added, that the Tenderness I had for my own Species, made me ramble round the World to do what Good I could in my Generation. So it being very late, we retired. But I was forc'd to take up with a worse Bed than was provided for me, before the Discovery of our Characters. However I slept tolerably well, and next Morning was making my Meditations several Miles off on the Downs, while

while they were all snoring on their Pillows.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are two curious and useful Treatises just ready for the Press; The first a Trial of Skill between the Taylors and Peruke Makers, for Men; and the Manteau-Makers, and Hair-Cutters for the Women, who shall make our Nobility and Gentry of both Sexes look most *Hideous*, by their Monstrous Fashions. With a Proposal for the Encouragement of our Trade and Manufactures, how to induce New Fashions every Three Months at furthest, in order to help our Gentry to spend their Estates faster than they do. As also a Sketch of a Petition to the Parliament, that none shall wear any Cloaths, Silks, Stuffs, Perukes, Hair, Head-Dresses of one Fashion, longer than that Term; that Persons may appear with New Shapes and Faces as often as possible: And it is to be an Instruction to the Managers, never to follow Nature, or Convenience, but to endeavour to make our Ladies and Gentry look as frightful, as Art can make them. *A. B.* Tradesmen, Shopkeepers, and Middling People, may be allowed to wear one Fashion half a Year, if they think proper: Except Taylors, Peruke-Makers, &c. These are advised to tempt the

the Great Ones with a New Taste every Month.

The other is a new Project by way of Subscription, to transplant our Nobility and Gentry of both Sexes into a New-found Region under the North Pole, where they may enjoy the Happiness of never seeing the Sun one half of the Year, and sleeping the t'other. With proper Vehicles to carry them thither. The Grounds for this Project is, that whereas our Grand Gentry can hardly find the Day long enough to sleep, in, or the Night to revel in, the whole Year, in this Region, is but one Day, and one Night.

C H A P. IX.

An Account of several Letters directed to the Author, by way of Consultation about the Disorders of the Intellectual OEconomy.

IA M often consulted by Letters, some from Friends, some from unknown Hands, concerning several Disorders in the Pericranial System. The first Letter is from a worthy Clergyman, and an old Acquaintance when we were in the University, who lives a great Way from *London*. He gives me an Account of a very strange, I don't know what to call it, Distemper or Phrenzy, that

that has seized the Head, and almost perverted the whole Intellectual System of the Better Sort, even in the heretofore innocent Recesses of the Country. I shall give the Reader the Satisfaction of seeing it in the Gentleman's own Words, with my Remarks upon it.

F I R S T L E T T E R.

*To the Ingenious Mr. Philander, Inventor
of the Psychoptick Looking-Glass.*

S I R,

“ I Take this Occasion to renew our
“ former Acquaintance when at the
“ University, which tho’ interrupted for
“ some Years, has been renew’d in De-
“ sire, at least, by the Report of the
“ wonderful Cures perform’d by your new-
“ invented Looking-Glass. I cou’d expect
“ nothing but what was extraordinary from
“ a Person of your elevated Genius, and
“ Knowledge in Nature: But this last In-
“ vention has almost surpass’d my Belief,
“ were not the Testimonies so fresh and
“ fragrant. The several Disorders of the
“ Mind already cured by your Art, has ex-
“ cited in me a Desire to be inform’d, whe-
“ ther your Glass cou’d cure a certain Dis-
“ temper that reigns prodigiously of late
“ among
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“ among the Great Ones (for I don’t find
 “ it has reach’d the poorer, or even the
 “ midling Sort of People as yet; but doubt-
 “ less will do in time, if there’s no Stop
 “ put to it.) The Distemper is an Atheis-
 “ tical Frency, that has seiz’d their Nod-
 “ dles; so that they begin to introduce the
 “ Principles of *Machiavel* in the Direction
 “ of private Affairs, and the common Oc-
 “ currences of Life. ’Tis a horrid thing
 “ that they shou’d have Place in State Af-
 “ fairs: But when they come to be intro-
 “ duced into the Management of Affairs
 “ between Man and Man, we must bid
 “ Adieu to all Security, as well as Since-
 “ rity in Human Life. I can assure you,
 “ I know several, who tho’ as yet they
 “ keep some outward Decorum of Religi-
 “ on, don’t stick to make use of them, as
 “ far as they durst with *Impunity*, and
 “ endeavour to make all Rules and Du-
 “ ties of Morality, to pass for mere Poli-
 “ tick Engines, or Bugbears of Priestcraft.
 “ Since therefore your Glafs is peculiarly
 “ adapted to the Cure of the Disorders
 “ in the Pericranium; and this being one
 “ of the most extravagant, I thought fit
 “ to consult you about it. If you cou’d
 “ contribute towards the Cure of this new
 “ Species of Madness (for I can call it no-
 “ thing else) you will highly deserve of
 “ your

Or, The Golden Calf. 131

“ your Fellow-Creatures; but particularly
“ oblige,

Sir, &c.

EUSEBIUS.

REMARKS on the foregoing Letter.

I Was really surpris'd at the Receipt of this Letter, not dreading that a Disorder so destructive of Human Society, had made any further Progress than the Cabinet. But that it shou'd have penetrated so far into the Country, was the Height of my Astonishment. I had remark'd myself, that a great many Politick Wou'd-bee's affected a sort of State Management in every thing they did, even in their private Families; making a Mystery of the most trivial Matters, having their Spies and Informers in every Corner. But I did not think they were come to that Pass, as to think nothing unlawful in their Dealings, but what they cou'd not do with Impunity. I hope the Distemper is not so universal; and that my good old Friend's Zeal is greater than the Danger. As for the Disorder, on the whole, 'tis a Frenzy without all doubt; and a most dangerous One too: For if once such Notions, or Whims, or what you please to call them, shou'd grow Epidemical, we shou'd see all Mankind fall a cutting one another's Throats

as fast as they cou'd. Nor wou'd the most ravenous Beast in the World be so dangerous to Human Species, as one Man to another. For which Reason, whosoever shou'd endeavour to introduce such Principles in the Direction of Human Affairs, deserves as much to be shut up between Four Walls, as the wildest Man in *Bedlam*. For my own Part, I shou'd chuse rather to deal with the most barbarous Savage, than with a Man possess'd with those Principles: Because a Deist's, or a *Machiavelian's* profess'd Principles, teach him to make no more Scruple to cut my Throat, if I stood in his way, than to knock off the Head of a Poppy, provided he cou'd do't with the same Security. And my Reverend Correspondent is in the Right, when he says, that we bid Adieu to all Security of our Lives and Fortunes, as well as to all Society, if once such Notions take Place, and I am afraid they do really grow upon us daily.

Persons may think I exaggerate the Matter, when I say those Gentlemens Principles teach all Mankind to cut one another's Throats, if they cou'd do't with Impunity: But whoever rightly considers it, will find it to be a real Truth. For a Deist, a *Machiavelian*, a Free-thinker, or by what Name you please to call him, holds there's no such thing, as Moral Evil, or Sin in the World: By Consequence, according to them,

'tis

'tis no more evil in itself to kill a Man, than to cut off the Head of a Poppy. Only you may be hang'd for the one, and not for the other. Suppose therefore I was the only Person, that stood between a Deist and a great Estate, great Dignity, or the like; and he cou'd find a way to take me off securely, or to cheat me of all I had, he wou'd be a Fool in his own Principles if he did not do't. And I am sure I shou'd be a Fool, if I trusted him. Not that I believe, *Machiavel* himself ever design'd his Notions shou'd be made a Rule of Practice, any more than the Author of *Hudibras* design'd to teach Perjury, when he said,

*'Tis he that makes the Oath that breaks it,
Not he, who for Convenience takes it.*

Or, that *Juvenal*, when he said,

*Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris aut Caxcere
dignum,*

Ever thought it necessary, that a Person, to become a Great Man, shou'd commence Villain. These are more refin'd Strokes of Satire; and invidious Concessions, that make the Sense strike deeper. *Machiavel* indeed wove his Web so very subtle, in describing the enormous Vices of the Great Ones of his Time, that what he

design'd for Satire, has been taken up for Principle. But be that as it will, I am absolutely of Opinion, that the Civil Magistrate (for he is most capable of bringing these *Machiavelians* to their Right Senses again) shou'd make a Law, that whosoever shou'd endeavour to introduce such Principles in the common Occurrences of Life, shou'd be truss'd up on the Spot, or knock'd on the Head, as you wou'd do a Mad Dog; since he is likely to cause more Destruction.

I don't think my Glafs can cure this Species of Madness, tho' it may dispose Persons towards a Cure. But since the Gallows and Hangman are all these Gentlemen stand in Awe of, I don't question but if they wou'd always carry some lively Representation of it along with them, it may do them a great deal of Good. Or, as the Great Sultan *Saladin* order'd a Person, every Morning, to put him in Mind, that *He was a Man*: So if our modern Deists and *Machiavelians*, would order *Jack Ketch* to come to their Bed-sides every Morning, and ask them civilly when they thought they shou'd have any need of his Service, it might contribute very much to bring them to their right Senses again. In a Word, a Free-thinker, who gives himself the Liberty of thinking away all Tyes of Re-

Religion and Conscience, must either be a Villain, or a Fool by Principle.

SECOND LETTER. Of Bites.

To the Author of the Psycboptick Looking-Glass.

S I R,

“ MY Affairs obliged me to make
“ Abode in a certain County of
“ this Kingdom, very famous for *Bites*. I
“ wou’d not believe general Reports, till
“ I found it to be true by personal Ex-
“ perience. When I come first to settle
“ among them, as I was bred up with the
“ Principles of Candour and Uprightness
“ in my Dealings, with a natural Abhor-
“ rence of any thing contrary to true Worth
“ and Honour, so I behaved agreeably to
“ those Principles: Being open and free
“ in all my Actions; thinking by that
“ means to encourage them to be the same
“ with me. At first, they seem’d to be
“ prodigious shy and suspicious. Being un-
“ accustomed to Proceedings of that Na-
“ ture, they seem’d to apprehend it was
“ some new way of putting the Bite on
“ them. But when they found me to be
“ really what I appear’d to be, they began
“ to look on me as a Fool, or at the best

K 4.

“ a mere

“ a mere Cudden. Not only the common
 “ Rank of Sharpers wou’d be nibbling at
 “ me, and offering me some *Chap*, or
 “ other; but the very Gentry and Nobility
 “ with a Sneer, would be drawing me into
 “ Parties, where I was sure to be bit. Till
 “ finding good Example and Sincerity had
 “ no manner of Effect on them, but all
 “ was Rugg as fell in their way, I was
 “ forced to be more on my Guard, and
 “ shew them, that tho’ my natural Probity
 “ wou’d not let me take Reprisals, I had
 “ Sense enough to see thro’ all their De-
 “ signs. I presume, Sir, your Philosophi-
 “ cal Sagacity knows what Part of the
 “ Kingdom I mean; and already perceives
 “ the Occasion of this Trouble; which is
 “ to desire, you’d be pleas’d to favour me
 “ with your Company, this ensuing Sum-
 “ mer, at my House at ——— my Name
 “ you will see at the Bottom. I hope you
 “ will bring your Looking - Glafs along
 “ with ye, to try if it can have any Effect
 “ on this biting Generation. I can assure
 “ you, Sir, the Evil is come to a very
 “ strange Pass. The very Gentry can’t
 “ forbear, nay glory in a clean Bite, in-
 “ stead of being asham’d of it. They seem
 “ to have imbib’d it with their Mother’s
 “ Milk. They have accustom’d themselves
 “ from their Education, to disguise all
 “ their Actions, that they never speak ac-
 “ cording

“ cording to their Minds. All their Drift
“ and Study even in common Conversation,
“ is to bite you, if they can, being perpe-
“ tually on the Offensive or Defensive in
“ that respect. To Bite, or to be Bit, are
“ their chiefest Hopes or Fears. Looking
“ upon it as the greatest Disgrace to be
“ outdone in that laudable Custom. Hence
“ they are timorous, and suspicious of all
“ Mankind, without Distinction of Persons
“ or Characters; judging all Persons to be
“ like themselves. I don't question but the
“ Tendernefs you have for your own Spe-
“ cies, will make you contribute all you
“ can towards their Cure, in which you
“ will oblige,

Sir, Your, &c.

CANDIDUS AUSTER.

P. S. If you will be pleas'd to take the
Trouble to come down so far on this Cha-
ritable Account, my Chariot shall attend
you down and up.

R E M A R K S.

THE original Etymology of the Word
Bite, in the Sense of my candid Cor-
respondent, is derived from the Biting of a
Dog, who comes behind you, and gives you
a Snap

a Snap when you least think on't; which is always the Property of a sneaking Cur; since a Generous Dog will attack you boldly and bare-fac'd. Hence 'tis evident, that Biting, in the Gentleman's Sense, proceeds from a poor sneaking Disposition; and all *Bites* must be sneaking Curs, who have not one Drop of generous Blood in them. For which Reason, how Persons pretending to the least Spark of true Honour, can bring themselves to such a Canine Custom, is past my Comprehension. 'Tis such a wretched low Cunning, so much beneath a Man of Quality, or a Gentleman, or even a Person of good Common Sense and Probity, that nothing cou'd more naturally make us suspect a spurious Mixture in their Blood, than such Inclinations. I wonder what the great and famous Men of Antiquity wou'd have thought of such a Biting Race, had they appear'd in those Times. Doubtless they wou'd have combin'd together to destroy them from the Face of the Earth; and with much more Reason than they did for the Destruction of *Troy* and the Rape of *Helen*. Ancient History makes mention of one famous Biting Race, I mean the *Carthaginians*, who might have been Lords of the World, had not their Falshood and Biting Tricks rendred them hateful to all their Neighbours, inso much that in a few Generations they were destroy'd Root and Branch.

Hence

Hence *Fides Pnnica* was as much a Proverb and By-word with the Ancients, as a certain *County Bite* is now known all over *England*; on which Account, I presume my candid Correspondent means, *That County*, which, by common Fame, has obtain'd such a distinguishing Character. Not but there may be some Persons of Worth and Honour in all Counties, who detest such canine Qualities as much as myself. On the whole, Biting and Sharping are Qualities that clash with the Notion of a rational, and human Being. 'Tis a low Cunning that always argues a Defect in the Judgment, as well as Morals; and, like Treason, almost taints your Blood. Persons who have not a Capacity to carry on great and noble Designs, are forced to descend to Trick and Sham. I observed, when I was in the Army, that the most cunning Partisan was never fit for a Commanding Officer. 'Tis so in other Things; you never saw a tricking Fellow have any great Depth. The Difference between a Man of Probity and a Bite is, not because the Honest Man sees less than the Knave: For generally speaking, the most sincere Men are Persons of the soundest Judgment: But the Difference is, that the good Sense, and Principles of a Man of Honour, won't let him do all he can: Whereas a Sharper's Capacity being confin'd within a narrow Sphere, he often succeeds
in

in his little dirty Tricks, which a Man of Solidity wou'd not foul his Fingers withal. For the same Reason, a cunning Man will never make a good Statesman, because Cunning and Craft is always a Sign of a narrow and limited Capacity. Nay 'tis unpolitick in their own way. For all Mankind will guard against a Sharper, as they wou'd against a common Enemy. When once a Man begins to act the cunning Part with me, he has lost all Right to be trusted in any thing he does. The Tendency of it destroys all Society, Friendship, Confidence and Trust Men ought to have in one another. For which Reason, your great Dealers, in every Calling and Profession, are obliged to act upon the Square, or else they will soon be blown up. I have heard it given for a Rule in Practice, that you must act and take your Precautions, as if all Men were Knaves: Which Rule is directly false in Politicks as well as Morals; and the contrary ought to be the general Rule for all Men in the Conduct of their Lives, *i. e. Direct your Actions in general, as if all Men were Honest.* The First Rule is injurious to Human Nature: The second consonant to it. Acting upon the Square, and as if all Men were as honest as yourself, recommends you to the Love of all. Society must depend on mutual Offices. Confiding in a Man begets his Confidence; and Trust-

Trusting People oftentimes makes them Trusty. Who is there that does not revere the Man who is known to be unshaken in his Probity and Principles? Prudent and careful Measures become a Wise Man. If you have been bit, defend yourself, the next time, against such a Person, as you wou'd do against a wild Beast. But never suspect a Man till you have tried him. 'Tis so far from being a Disgrace to be bit the first time, that I shou'd look upon it a Commendation, not to suspect my own Species, but beware the next. 'Tis a shrew'd Sign, when Persons are suspicious of others, without some previous Reasons, that they wou'd be Knaves themselves, if they were not well look'd after. In a Word, all Bites shew more of the Brute than the Man.

It will not be improper in this Place to enquire into the Reasons why some Countries, as the County hinted at, for Example, shou'd be more subject to this canine Disposition than others; or the Northern Parts more than the Southern. Some People think they retain more of the *Norman* Blood unmix'd than others. For the *Normans* in *France* are as noted for Bites as a Northern County with us. But this to me does not seem so likely; for the *Normans* being once Masters of the Kingdom, would not have settled chiefly in the poorest Parts of it. Nay, Biting itself is an Indication of Poverty, in
some

some respect or other. But more probably it proceeds from their being heretofore a sort of intermediate Borderers between the two Kingdoms of *England* and *Scotland*. The *Italian* Proverb is,

Terra di confini, Terra d'Assassini.

Which in short is, all Borders of different Kingdoms are full of Rogues; because they serve for Shelter to the Scum of both Nations, when flying from Justice they bob out of one Kingdom into the other; where they can't chuse but leave some of their Spawn behind them, endowed with the good Qualities of their Progenitors. Hence *England* and *Scotland* having once been different Kingdoms, and that County lying almost in the midway between them, 'tis highly probable, that it was frequently pester'd with Vagabonds and Villains of both Nations flying backwards and forwards, and doubtless imported their Inclinations as well as Breed. This I take to be the true Reason why that County shou'd be more subject to those Biting Dispositions, than others. I know some People give another Reason for it, *viz.* That the Northern Parts, particularly that County, in Days of old, were Inhabited by the *Bri-gantes*, or *Brigands*, when *Britain* was divided into so many different People, as the

Ordo-

Ordovices, the *Silures*, the *Feeni*, *Brigantes*, &c. Now *Brigand*, or *Brigaund*, as the *French* pronounce it, signify'd in the *Gaulish* Language, a Rogue or a Highway-man, and is used in that Sense to this Day. But those who give this Reason, why that County is so subject to Bites, don't consider that those different People were all *Britains*, not *Englishmen*, as they are now. So that unless those currish Qualities belong to the *Climate*, the other Reason seems to be the most natural, supposing the Matter of Fact. Tho' I can't think they are such arrant *Bites* as they are said to be: For I myself, and I am easy enough to be bit, have had Dealings with Persons of that County five times in my Life, and I was Bit but four times out of the five; whereas I have heard of Double and Treble Bites in one Bargain.

As for my candid Correspondent, tho' I lov'd the Man for his upright Nature, I told him my Glafs would do them little or no good: Because such canine Dispositions argue a natural Defect somewhere, or other; whereas my Glafs was design'd for adventitious ones only. However, I design to grind it after a new manner, if it be but to try the Experiment. Perhaps the Sight of their Deformity, with the Charms of a clear, upright, sincere Soul, may make them endeavour to cultivate those few Faculties Nature

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ture has bestow'd upon them ; for, as I said, it always argues a Weakness in their Judgments : And Persons of the least Sense are always hardest to be cured.

The Reader must pardon me, if I break the Order of my Remarks, and insert some further Observations on the First Letter. They were sent by a Friend a little too late to be put in their proper Place. They are upon some Country Politicians, who, as my Friend observes, are neither Free-Thinkers, nor *Machiavelians*, but pretend to be prodigious wise in the Management of their Families; mimicking Statesmen in the most minute and trivial Affairs, perhaps in view of qualifying themselves for Ministers of State, if the Government shou'd stand in need of them. “ I have observ'd, says he, a great many Masters of Families, in the Country, to be extremely politickly given of late Years; all their Words and Actions must seem to carry some Mystery along with them. Every thing they do, or intend to do, must be a prodigious Secret. If they are to take a Journey, no body must know till an Hour before; then all must be in a Hurry, to shew the Promptitude of the Inferiors. If you ask any of the Family, whether their Master goes abroad that Day; they will tell you their Master is a wise Man; he will let no one know what

“ what he designs to do. And because they
 “ have heard it said, that Secrecy is the
 “ Soul of Politicks, they ridiculously make
 “ a Mystery of the most trivial Matters.
 “ Then they have their Spies and Inform-
 “ ers to let them know every thing that is
 “ said and done, both in the Family and
 “ Neighbourhood; giving themselves a Box
 “ on the Ear by that very thing, by pry-
 “ ing into the Secrets of others, and so
 “ shy, in their own. These Spies are gene-
 “ rally some *Sycophants* or other, who make
 “ a Prey of them, and give what Character
 “ they please of all round about them:
 “ But still under the greatest Secrecy. I
 “ once knew a Gentleman of a very con-
 “ siderable Estate, who was otherwise a
 “ Man of good Sense enough, but so fool-
 “ ishly given to Secrecy, that he wou’d be
 “ mighty angry, if the most trivial Matters,
 “ even talk’d of before all the Servants,
 “ while at Table, shou’d be mention’d af-
 “ terwards by any of the Company; be-
 “ cause, said he, nothing that is said or
 “ done in my House must be talk’d of a-
 “ broad. As if a Wise Man wou’d ever
 “ talk of Matters of Moment before his
 “ Servants, or cou’d ever expect that what
 “ is said at a full Table, shou’d be kept
 “ private; yet so extreamly curious, or
 “ rather so foolishly suspicious, that he
 “ kept a Parasite, as his constant Compa-

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“ nion,

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nion, to tell him every thing that passed,
 both in his own House, and in other
 Peoples Concerns. Hence he was in a
 perpetual Inquietude, to know what
 others said or thought of him, particular-
 ly when Persons came to visit him. His
 Contrivance was to send his *Fidus Achab-*
tes into the Company before him; and
 to gather what their Business was. After
 he had been with them himself, he wou'd
 go out and stay for some time, leaving
 his Parasite to pump and remark what
 they said of him: And according to the
 Report of his Intelligence, would look
 pleas'd or displeas'd, coldly, or kindly,
 on his Company. I have observ'd them
 several times to go out and in, like Buck-
 ets on this political Intelligence, meeting
 one another at certain Places, with Ebbs
 and Flows of the Gentleman's good Hu-
 mour, on the Report of his *Lieger Nun-*
cio. There are several other Follies of
 the like Nature, which I hope won't be
 beneath your Care, &c.

Persons of the Gentleman's Temper, as
 here described, are of a contrary Disposition
 to that Noble *Roman*, who order'd his Ar-
 chitect to make Windows throughout his
 House, that every one might see what was
 a-doing. A Man that is Mysterious about
 Trifles, is a Fool in the main. He, whose
 Content and Happiness depends on what
 others

others say of him, will never be easy: So, he that can't see the Inclinations of his Domesticks and Acquaintance with his own Eyes, will be sure to be deceived by those of others, nor will ever make a Minister of State. As for his *Liege Nuncio*, the Gentleman may depend upon it, that he who puts off the Dignity of a Man to become a Pick-thank, will sell his Benefactor to the highest Bidder.

T H I R D L E T T E R.

The Case of Eugenia, and of unfortunate Marriages.

S I R;

I Am a young Woman, about One and Twenty. I have been married upwards of Three Years: My Husband was not so much my own Choice, as that of my Friends. Tho', when I had married him, I was resolved to behave as a dutiful Wife ought to do; and did so to the best of my Power. He pretended before Marriage, to be prodigiously in Love with my Person, and gave me all the Assurances Words cou'd express, that tho', as he said, he did not deserve me, his Kindness to me shou'd be so great, that I shou'd love him out of Gratitude. On these Assurances, I married him, and was disposed to bring myself to

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answer

answer his Flame. But within Five or Six Weeks after our Marriage he began to discover the most brutal Nature I ever saw in my whole Life; all my Endeavours to please him became fruitless. I have ask'd him with all the Tenderneſs imaginable, only to tell me what it was he requir'd of me, and I wou'd try to conform myself to his Will in all things. Try! ſaid he, with the most tyrannical Look, Ill-nature cou'd expreſs: It makes me tremble to think on't: I'll *make* you know you are mine now, and ſhall do't ſpite of your Noſe. From that Time he made it his Buſineſs to croſs me in every thing I had a Mind to, to try my Obedience, as he was pleas'd to term it. I paſs'd thus the moſt miſerable Life, any Woman cou'd do, without knowing why, unleſs it was to exerceiſe his tyrannical Power. As to Jealouſy, I never thought myſelf capable of giving him any Diſturbance that way. I am ſure I never meant it, nor ever had ſet my Affections on any one before Marriage; and was rather diſguſted at the whole Species ſince, for his Sake. In ſhort, Sir, he grows every Day worſe and worſe; with ſuch barbarous Treatment, beſide ſtrange Threats that fall from him at unawares, that I begin to fear the greateſt Extremities. But as I wou'd try all things for his Cure, I beg you, dear Sir, if you can aſſiſt a forlorn Creature, conſciouſ

scious to herself of nothing but good Intentions for the most tyrannical Barbarian ; be pleas'd to honour me with a Line according to the underwritten Directions ; and to let me know whether your famous Looking-Glass can do him any Good, and I'll contrive you shall have a Sight of him : A short Account of what you think can be done to him will eternally oblige the unfortunate

EUGENIA.

R E M A R K S.

I Have heard of this unfortunate Lady's Case, and I believe saw her once at an Assembly, tho' she does not know of it. She is a very beautiful Creature ; and has her Mind adorn'd with more Beauties than her Body : Speaking with such unaffected Modesty of her own Perfections, is a sufficient Indication of it. Her Husband, by Report, is the greatest Brute in Nature. But, as I am inform'd, his Rakish Freaks have as good as carried him out of his Senses : So that there can be no Hopes of a Cure, at least till he has been in *Bedlam* for some time. The best, and only Advice I can give her at present, is, to sue for a separate Maintenance as fast as she can.— But, the married State is a Matter of such Consequence to all regular Governments,

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the Abuses of it so enormous, and the Misfortunes so dreadful, that all Persons ought to contribute towards some proper Remedy to the best of their Power. However, on the whole, I impute the first Causes more to the Man, than to the Woman. *Englishmen* are supposed to be the most obsequious and respectful to the fair Sex of any People in the World. I can't say; but there is rather too much of it before Marriage, and too little after. I am perswaded that where the Woman is the first Cause of a Misunderstanding between them once, the Man is ten times. I say, the first Cause; by their rude and shocking Behaviour, domineering over them like Tyrants, who had been used a little before to be treated with the utmost Respect, and ought always to be so, according to the laudable Custom of our Country. 'Tis very hard for human Nature to jump from one Extream to another; from a State of Adoration to the State of the utmost Contempt, as it frequently happens. I have known a great many Husbands, who as soon as the Parson has said the fatal Words, think they are invested with as much Right over their Wives, as if they had bought them like Beasts in the Market; or at the best, like Slaves. There are others, who appear to be the most obliging Persons in the World, with respect to other Women; and the greatest Brutes to their own.

I have

I have often weigh'd and compar'd the Case on both Sides, and find the Obligations of Nature and Grace to be almost Reciprocal: But that of Respect, Civility, and good Breeding, with kind and tender Usage, and the like, to be more incumbent on the Man's Side than on the Woman's; at least here in *England*, if not by Nature. So that, if he be first deficient on his Side, no wonder if she, whose Nature is more easily mov'd, shou'd be deficient on her's. In other Countries, where a Tyrannical Custom is almost become a Law, the Woman knows her Doom before-hand, and must submit, since the Man has all the Power in his own Hands: But here in *England*, where the poor Woman is made to believe, that she is to be Mistress of his House and Heart; nay, has it assur'd to her by the most solemn Engagements, the Case must be prodigious hard, when in a Month's, or may be a Week's time, she finds the Reverse of all this: And instead of a tender passionate Lover, she sees herself Chain'd to a Morose, Tyrannical Ruler, who, as soon as he has satisfied his brutal Passion, uses her like a mere Property and Slave. Is not such a Change enough to sowre the sweetest Temper upon Earth? I own our Marriages are made up after a very odd Manner. Generally speaking, worldly Interest is all they have in View, supposing Love will follow after; or

more properly, not caring a Farthing whether it does or not. But how can any Man, in Reason, expect to find Love, when all the Ways and Means capable of creating it, are chang'd into the most effectual Motives for procuring Hatred? Love can never be forced: To hold a Dagger at a Woman's Breast, and say, I'll stab you to the Heart, if you don't love me, is stark Madness. This was partly the Poor Lady's Case, who is the Occasion of these Remarks. He who Marries a Woman, who has a real Aversion for him, is Author of his own Misfortune; and he that thinks to gain her Love by a Rude and Tyrannical Behaviour, is a downright Fool. Women, I own, have a great many odd Whims; some really Faults, and some imaginary ones: But have not Men as many, nay infinitely more? I grant likewise, that when Women are highly provok'd, they will fall sometimes into very criminal Excesses. But for one that is guilty first, there are Ten Thousand Men. I am satisfied, that the most unpardonable Fault in a Woman, unless in some Particulars, where it may be a Distemper more than any thing else; I say, the most unpardonable Fault is often occasioned by the first Fault in a Man: Either by his Infidelity to her, or his Jealous and Tyrannical Temper.

For

*For Husbands Horns as often spring
From Spite, as any other Thing.*

Neither are Women so insatiable, as some foolish Rakes wou'd make them to be; unless first drove out of their Senses by ill Usage of their Husbands. 'Tis probable, that a great many Women wou'd rather chuse to dye Married Virgins, with a Generous, Good-Humour'd Husband, than have Children by a Brute. 'Tis not the Brutal Part they require so much, as an endearing Tendernefs, which, as it is natural to them by their Constitution, so their Friendship can't be preserv'd without it, as it may in Men. 'Tis a very good General Maxim, that the Want of such an endearing Tendernefs, join'd with a rude and shocking Behaviour, is one of the first Causes of all their subsequent Faults.

I can't leave this Remark, without saying something of Jealousy; which often begins with Folly, and ends with Madness. 'Tis very near a certain Truth, that those that are most jealous, have the least Reason to be so. 'Tis foolish to give a Woman a Handle, to know where she can spite, him most. And 'tis Madness to put that in a Woman's Head, which is not in his Power to hinder. And if it were, he loses the most valuable Part, that is, all inward Love, as an Ingenious Author says;

Thou

*Thou may'st preserve the Brutal Part ;
But thou art still a Cuckold in her
Heart.*

What is Enjoyment without the Heart, but mere Brutality ? But,

To examine Jealousy a little nigher: The Origin of it may be reduced to the following Heads. The Woman's Beauty and Perfections, real, or fancied: The Aprehension of her Constitution, or the Want of something the Husband imagines he shou'd find the first Night: The Sense of his own Deficiency; and a dark and suspicious Temper. For, as for that wild and extravagant Notions of our Modern Rakes; *viz.* that Importunity and Opportunity will make any Woman false, 'tis injurious to Human Nature, and seldom happens, unless the Woman be first provok'd by ill Usage and Suspicions. But to return to the Causes of Jealousy. The first is the most irrational of all, tho' the most common; since 'tis very seldom that a very beautiful Woman ever meets with a good Husband. The Greatness of his Treasure makes him jealous of losing it, and will sowre his Temper on a thousand Occasions. Yet the Folly of such Dispositions is evident. For if a beautiful Woman has made me the happiest Man in the World by the Possession of her, shall I make myself the most miserable by my continual

Fear

Fear of losing her? Nay, lose her by such Fears? Has she not given me the Preference to all my Rivals? Has she not made me happy, not only in my own Eyes, but in the Eyes of all the World? Why shall the imaginary Possibility of a Loss make me miserable in the actual Possession of all my Wishes? If I have obtain'd what I desired with so much Eagerness and Anxiety, had I not better bend all my Cares to endear this Treasure to me, than endanger the Loss of it by my Fears and Jealousies? What cou'd she do more for me than she has done? Has she not given me herself, her Heart, and her all? 'Tis my Business therefore to repay her with all the Returns of Gratitude my Heart is capable of, and by that means endear her to me more and more, than to exert a Tyrannical Power over her, or contristate her by a cloudy Aspect, shocking Suspicions, cruel Jealousies and Censures of her in my Heart, which will shew themselves in spite of Dissimulation to the contrary. Much more might be said on this easy Topick, but we will consider the 2d Motive, which is also a frequent Cause of Jealousy, I mean in the Husband; but particularly of late Years among our Modern Rakes, by reason of that criminal, and at the same time foolish, Knowledge, our young Sparks pretend to have, of the Defects and Constitutions of Women. Here's a vile Rake, for

Exam:

Example, who has ruin'd a great many Women, and by that means pretends to be so knowing in the Sex, that when he comes to make a Woman miserable, by Marrying her, he foolishly imagines she is not a Virgin, and by that means apprehends every thing that's bad, both for what is past, and what's to come. So he either plays the Devil with the poor innocent Creature, or turns her out of House and Home immediately.

Another thinks his Spouse meets his Carresses too warmly, and, by Consequence, has a Constitution one Man can't satisfy: So he dooms himself a Cuckold from that Instant, and perhaps is the only Cause of it, by his ill Treatment. Such ridiculous Notions may be a just Punishment for his former Lewdness, but ought to be no just Reason to suspect any Breach of Conjugal Fidelity in his Spouse. For, as to the first, have not very Learned Physicians maintain'd, that there are not many Women born with the *Sigillum* they seem to want: Others deny there is any such thing in Nature; but only a mere *Arbitrudo*, which may be more or less in different Subjects naturally. Others again will tell you, there may be a Thousand natural, and innocent Causes of such a Defect, supposing the Reality of it, besides a great many Childish Accidents, which can hardly be prevented before Persons

foes come to the use of Reason, the Consequences of which they don't know themselves, that a Man deserves to be begg'd for a Fool, that troubles his Head on that Account. I don't question, but there are Thousands of young Women, who not only believe themselves Virgins, but actually are so as to any thing criminal, yet some foolish Rake or other wou'd say they had lost their Integrity.

As for the t'other Reason, 'tis so ridiculous, it won't bear an Argument: Would not any Man in his Senses desire his Passion to be met with an equal Flame? Why does he not take it for a certain Sign that she loves him better than any one else? 'Tis not the Constitution, but Principle, that makes People Virtuous. I don't question but there may be both Men and Women, of the strongest Constitutions, who are perfectly chaste and virtuous, while your weak, puling, impotent Wretches, are as vicious as possible. If the Husband's Cause of Jealousy proceeds from the Consciousness of his own Insufficiency, whether naturally born with him, or more frequently caus'd by his former Excesses and Debauch'd Life; I confess, in such a Case, he may have Reason to apprehend a Swelling in his Forehead: But why wou'd he marry at all? However, if his Luck be to marry a virtuous Woman, he may make amends, by an agreeable
and

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“ Sweets, and the tumultuous Ebbs and
 “ Flows of a Rambling Life, which appear
 “ still more horrid, compared with the
 “ Prospect of Happiness, I am possess’d of;
 “ so I would contribute what I can to ren-
 “ der others as happy as myself. I have
 “ often assur’d my former Companions in
 “ Idleness and Iniquity, of the inexpressi-
 “ ble Difference between the Charms of
 “ a virtuous Wife and the treacherous Em-
 “ braces of a Prostitute. The solid and
 “ uninterrupted Joys of Conjugal Friend-
 “ ship, when set in Opposition to the mer-
 “ cenary Purchase of Favours from those
 “ we shou’d abhor, as the most despicable
 “ Creatures in the World, did they belong
 “ to ourselves. But nothing I can say can
 “ cure their Folly. When I talk seriously
 “ to them on that Subject, they only laugh
 “ at me; and with a Sneer (the chief Ar-
 “ gument of Libertines) they cry to one
 “ another, the poor Man is not yet got
 “ out of his Fool’s Paradise, &c.— But
 “ I am inform’d, Sir, you have a particu-
 “ lar Talent in curing the Disorders of the
 “ Brain, and I am sure this is a very great
 “ one. If your celebrated Looking-Glass
 “ could shew them their own Deformities
 “ and false Reasoning in its full Light, it
 “ might remedy innumerable Disorders in
 “ Human Life. But this, and the Method
 “ of

“ of their Cure, I leave to your better
“ Judgment, and am,

Sir, &c.

PHILOGAMUS.

P. S. “ You can’t fail of Patients in any
“ Coffee-House, or Company in Town.
“ But were I worthy to advise, if you cou’d
“ but Cure two or three of the Ring-leaders,
“ the Evil wou’d soon be prevented.
“ For the greatest Part of the rest, are
“ like yelping Curs, who follow the leading
“ Hounds, without knowing what they
“ Hunt.

R E M A R K S.

T H E World is full of Fools: But these
are Fools of the first Class. Tho’ I
did not design my Glass for this Species of
Folly, I do really believe it wou’d do them
a great deal of good. Because these young
Fools are chiefly such, either by ill Example,
or by a wrong way of Thinking, very
natural to Youth; or by the boiling Heat
of their Blood and Brain, blinded and en-
flam’d by the Fury of their over-bearing
Passions, that they can neither see their
own Folly, nor proper Means for a Cure,
nor distinguish between solid Happiness, and
the Desires of an irregular Appetite. For
which Reason, I do hereby publish to all
M the

the World, that they shall soon find me at all the Coffee-Houses in Town, beginning at *Will's*, as the Center, and so take them in a Circle as they come. I shall make a considerable Stand at the *Cocoa-Tree*, or any other Place where I find the chief Haunts of these Marriage-Haters. I do once more therefore solemnly Declare, that if I ever hear any young or old Rakes railing against Matrimony, I shall immediately draw my Glass at them, and not only shew their horrid Disorders to themselves, which I am sure will be a most shocking Sight; But shall, by a Turn of my Art, give my Glass a sort of slanting Cast, as shall discover all their interior, and hidden Abominations to every one in the Room. The *Raphanismus* of the Ancients could never be more terrible to the deserving Sufferers; than one Glance of my Glass will be to those unthinking Wretches. The Tenour of their Lives will appear so horrid, they won't be able to support it. What a Scene of unhallow'd Impurities, beastly Whoredoms and Pollutions, will present themselves to their View? with innumerable Brutalities so unnatural and abominable, as the Description of the most lustful Satyrs cou'd never come up to. But how ridiculously foolish will their Way of Living appear, and how inconsistent with Common Sense; that whereas they place their chiefest Happiness in the

Enjoy-

Enjoyment of Women, they never enjoy'd one Woman who deserved any real Love? Or whom they wou'd not condemn as infamous in their own Case? 'Tis certain the finest Woman in the World is a Whore and a Prostitute, if she betrays her Vows; and the greatest Rake in Nature would look upon her as such, if she was his own. Is she not therefore the same when she yields to me? and what real Love can a Strumpet deserve? They may talk of Raptures, and the Sweetness of stolen Joys: But what Man of Sense can have a real Love for a Prostitute? much less, think he is beloved by her? The Brutal Part is all they seek on both Sides: And when that's over, what remains but Disgust and Remorse? It must be a very endearing Argument indeed for a Woman to say, I have sacrificed all my Honour, Honesty, Reputation, Virtue, Fidelity, most sacred Vows, &c. and made myself a Strumpet for your sake. But wou'd not she do the same by you, cou'd she find her Account in't? However, I can't say, but as all Vice is its own Punishment, so there is something of Revenging Providence in such Infidelities, that lewd Men may be served as they served others. Thus Rakes and Debauchees, who refusing to marry, when they are fit for it, because by the Numbers they have Debauch'd, they think no Woman

can be honest, yet play the Fool and Martyr when Nature is drain'd to the Dregs, and so range themselves very contentedly among the Horned Tribe.

F I F T H L E T T E R.

Of the Privation of Human Speech among our young People of both Sexes.

S I R,

“ T H E Occasion of this is to know,
 “ whether by your Art or Glafs,
 “ you cou'd not Cure an unaccountable
 “ Distemper which has seized the Facul-
 “ ties of most of the young Gentry in Town
 “ and Country, viz. *A Privation of Hu-
 “ man Speech.* The greatest Part of them,
 “ from about Sixteen to Thirty, have quite
 “ lost the Use of it, and almost the very
 “ Faculty of Thinking, especially if it be
 “ a Subject fit for a rational Creature to
 “ speak or hear. 'Tis true, they can make
 “ articulate Sounds, something better than
 “ some Animals, to signify their Want of
 “ of Meat and Drink, or what the Animal
 “ Part requires. But that's no more than
 “ other Brutes do. They can also make a
 “ strange chattering Noise when they are
 “ got together among themselves to ex-
 “ press their Joy or Displeasure like other
 “ Animals: But you will never find any
 “ thing

“ thing of human Speech or Discourse
“ among them. The Substance of what
“ they sputter to one another, is, as I said,
“ either to express their irregular Appe-
“ tites, or to recount their lewd Obscen-
“ ities ; all the rest is made up of Oaths,
“ Curses, Blasphemies, Bawdy, and Lasci-
“ viousness, that, truly, if you were to be
“ with them whole Days and Nights, you
“ will never hear any thing you can call
“ Discourse, but wou’d rather chuse to be
“ deaf and dumb, than partake of such
“ wretched Stuff. Tho’ they are the noi-
“ siest Brutes in the World, when they are
“ by themselves ; yet when they happen to
“ fall into Company of Men of Sense, they
“ are as mute as Fishes. They know no-
“ thing of Learning, History, Government,
“ State or Civil Affairs, or even the com-
“ mon Business of human Life. A Whore,
“ a Dog, or a Horse, are the Chief Sub-
“ jects they can enlarge on: In short, Sir,
“ the Chattering of a Company of Jack-
“ daws, is much more natural and instruc-
“ tive. If you think, Sir, you cou’d do
“ them any Good by laying open to the poor
“ unthinking Creatures, the strange Dis-
“ orders they lye under, it wou’d be a great
“ Piece of Charity. I am,

Sir, &c.

PHILOLOGUS.

M 3

RE-

R E M A R K S.

TH O' the Lives and Conversation of the general Part of our young Gentry of both Sexes, in Town and Country, have very little of human or rational in them, as my ingenious Correspondent observes, I am almost confident, my Glass wou'd do them little or no Good: At least, it can never give them the true Use of human Speech, alone, without other Helps. Because, beside good natural Faculties, Persons shou'd be well stored with Materials to build a rational Discourse upon, of which the greatest Part of our young Fellows, of late, take particular Care to be unprovided. They expressly banish all serious Subjects out of their Conversation. To mention any thing of Morals, or the Rules of Life, tho' they are but just setting out for it, is to draw on some impious Jest against the Author of Life and Nature. They will tell you with a most impudent Assurance, that their Business is to live without all Rules. To talk of Learning, is Pedantiok, and spoils Company: History, say they, is nothing but the same thing over and over again under different Persons and different Times and Places. We find nothing in History, but what we see in our own Times; Men lived then, as they do now: Some rose,

rose, some fell, some fought, some run away. We have great Generals, great Statesmen, great Cheats, great Rakes, great Knaves, and great Fools, as they had in our Fore-Fathers Days ; and will be so to the End of the Chapter. Philosophy is for your grave, fusty Dons, who are fit for nothing else. Mathemathicks will make a Man run mad. Schemes of Government and Politicks are to be left to those who sit at the Helm. Religion is nothing but Priestcraft. Business is only for those whose Fortunes are to make. Thus they banish all Subjects, as may help to supply a Person with any rational Discourse. And to give them their due, they can't think more than they know: The only way therefore, in my Opinion, to bring these Sparks to the Use of Speech, is, first to endeavour to make them *think*; then to try to give them a Taste of those fine Strokes and Excellences of Science, as are to be seen in the *Ancients*, to which no modern Writer cou'd ever come up: After that, to make them sensible, what a delightful Scene it must be, to have a Series of Kingdoms, Revolutions of States and Empires, Schemes and Forms of different Governments, with their respective Excellences and Deficiencies, different Customs, Laws and Manners of People and Nations; the various Vicissitudes of Fortune on the one Hand, and the wonderful Effects of Wisdom and Counsel on

the other. The glorious Exploits of all the Great Men from the World's Infancy down to our Time represented to us in History : But particularly in the Histories of the *Ancients*, where every thing is set out to Life, as if it were actually doing before our Eyes. This will open their Intellects, and facilitate their Application to the more sublime Sciences : Where they will be charm'd with the beautiful OEconomy and secret Springs of Nature in the admirable Chain of Causes and Effects, from the immense Heaven of Heavens, to the least Insect crawling on the Earth. And since we all received our Being from something else, nor ever cou'd give it to ourselves, how unworthy the very Notion of a rational Creature must it be, to be ignorant of this great and glorious Author of all Beings ? How unnatural to blaspheme him, and contemn his Laws ? How unjust and ingrateful, not to pay him our best Acknowledgments for all his Benefits ? How reasonable and fit it is to inform ourselves of his Divine Will ? How solicitous we ought to be in rendering him his due Worship ? How necessary to know it ? How dangerous to refuse it ? If our young Fellows would but apply themselves to such noble and capacious Subjects, and familiarize themselves in talking of them with one another, they might at length arrive to the
Use

Use of Speech. But till then, they can only prattle like so many Parrots.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE will shortly be Publish'd a small Treatise of Ornaments of Discourse, by the Help of which our young Gentry both in Town and Country, may be enabled to Speak, without the By-words and Expletives of Ribaldry, Bawdy, Oaths, Curses, Dammees, and the like; without which they can't speak one whole Sentence at present. But by the Help of this Treatise, they will be taught a Way to fill up those Gaps in their Discourse, without Oaths or Imprecations. Given *gratis* to all that call for it.

SIXTH LETTER.

Of the HYP.

SIR,

PERMIT me, tho' a Stranger, to lay open to you some Disorders in the Intellectual OEconomy, with which a great many Gentlemen, particularly in the Country, are extreemly afflicted; so as to be a great Draw-back to the Satisfaction one might otherwise receive in the Delights of a Country Life. Before I can give you a right Notion of the Reasonableness of my
Com-

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Complaint, you must understand, Sir, that I am a younger Brother of a very ancient Family. My great Grandfather was Knight and Baronet, in the first Creation of that Title by K. *James Ist.* " My indulgent
 " old Father, as he thought it one of the
 " great Duties of Life, to provide for his
 " Children, left me 300 *p. per Ann.* Annu-
 " ity, and 500 *Jacobus's*, for which he had
 " a profound Veneration, to supply my Poc-
 " ket, till my Rents came in. My Inclina-
 " tions never lay for Matrimony, because,
 " among other Considerations my chief In-
 " come dying with me, I had not a Mind,
 " that my good Father's Grandchildren
 " shou'd be reduced to wear Leather Bree-
 " ches, or do something worse. Having al-
 " ways been bred up in the sweet Air of
 " the Country, I could not endure the
 " Smoke, Stench, Noise and Wickedness of
 " the Town, but placed all my Delights
 " in Rural Sports; as Shooting, Fishing,
 " Hunting, and the like; removing to dif-
 " ferent Parts of the Country, according
 " as they were proper for the Sports in
 " Season. In *April* and *May*, I go to Sir
 " *Walter Waterland's*, for the Pleasure of
 " Trout and Salmon Fishing: In *June* or
 " *July*, I remove to *Wales*, to a Seat of my
 " Lord *Mount Airy's*, for Growse or Moor-
 " game. In *August* and *September*, I am
 " at my Elder Brother Sir *Edmund Easy's*,
 which

Or, The Golden Calf. 171

“ which being in a rich Champian Coun-
 “ try, abounds with Partridges and Quails:
 “ In the Winter, I generally reside at my
 “ good Friend's and Relation's, Sir *Ralph*
 “ *Ranger's* in the Forest of *Wooddale*, where
 “ is the best Cock-shooting in the World
 “ Being related to the chief Families in
 “ that and other Parts of the Kingdom, I
 “ am welcome to go or come when I please,
 “ bringing no more Trouble along with me
 “ but myself and my Servant, a Brace of
 “ Geldings, and a Leash of Spaniels. I en-
 “ deavour to make myself and others as
 “ easy as I can. I can sing, play on the
 “ Fiddle, read Plays to the Ladies, make
 “ a Party at *Quadrille* with them: But
 “ above all, I take Care, not to violate
 “ the Laws of Hospitality, by being too
 “ great with their Wives and Daughters.
 “ Besides, I always remember to pay Part
 “ of the Servants Wages by my Distribu-
 “ tions, when I go away; who oftentimes
 “ have more Power than their Masters.
 “ However, I never meddle with Family
 “ Concerns. I had like to have forgot to
 “ tell you, that I never take Bribes to sell
 “ their Sisters or Daughters. But to come
 “ to the Point, the only thing which
 “ sours the Sweets of this innocent Life, is
 “ that unaccountable Distemper call'd the
 “ *Hyp*. In the North, I think they call it
 “ the *Heups*; not in myself, but in abund-

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“ance of the Gentry whose Houses I fre-
 “quent. Which creates a great deal of Un-
 “easiness both in themselves and those that
 “converse with them. You will find Per-
 “sons of plentiful Fortunes, and, in Appear-
 “ance, happy in all their Circumstances,
 “perfectly eat up with this d—n’d Dis-
 “temper. You shall see them sometimes
 “Sowre, Gloomy, Morose, Suspicious,
 “Whimsical, Capricious, and the D-v-l
 “knows what, without being able to tell
 “why or wherefore: Even Persons, who
 “when they were young, and frequented
 “the Town, were look’d upon as gay
 “sprightly young Fellows, as any were at
 “all; but after some Years living at their
 “Country Seats, become the most out-of-
 “the-way, proud, conceited Coxcombs, it
 “almost puts me in the *Hyp* to see them.
 “This, Sir, is a great Draw-back to the
 “Happiness of a Country Life. And as it
 “seems to proceed from some Defect in the
 “Pericranium, ’tis possible your celebrated
 “Looking-Glass may have a very good
 “Effect upon them. I am sure, it wou’d
 “be a great Satisfaction to myself, to see
 “this unfociable Distemper removed. I beg
 “Pardon for this Trouble, and am,

Sir, &c.

ÆTHLING EASY.

R E-

R E M A R K S.

I Had often observed, before the Receipt of this Letter, the unaccountable Effects of the Distemper my *Easy* Correspondent complains of. There are several Things in this Letter, which require some Remarks; but I shall confine myself to the *Hyp*. And tho' my Glass was not primarily adapted for it, yet I believe, by the Help of it, and some other Methods I shall prescribe, it may contribute very much to the Ease of Sufferers. In the mean time, I shall make some Reflections on the Nature and Causes of the *Hyp*, and point out some Regulations, as may seem preparatory to the curative Part. But first it will not be improper to enumerate the different Species of it, as far as its almost innumerable Forms will give us Leave. And first,

Of the Hyp in general.

THE *Hyp*, in general, is a Pericranial Distemper (for I shall not enter into the Physical Part of it) proceeding from certain gloomy Clouds abounding in the imaginary Faculty; which flying up to the Religion of the Judicial, offuscate the Rays of Reason, and cast such a Damp on them, they can't exert themselves with any steady Equas

Equality in the Conduct of our Lives. Hence appear so many exotick Sallies, and Variety of Temper in the same individual Person, that an *April* Day has not more Vicissitudes of Heat and Cold, Light and Darknefs, Raining and Shining, than you will find in Persons labouring under this Distemper. And as by Way of Comparison, the Clouds and Fogs arising from the Earth and over-scaling the Rays of the Natural Sun, often appear in different Shapes by the various Reflexions and Refractions of Light; sometimes in Terrible Forms like Monsters and Giants; with vast Clubs, Threatning us from on High: Sometimes like Armies ranged in Battle furiously rushing on one another, to the great Terrour of the Spectators, with Bombs and Cannons firing at one another in a dreadful manner, insomuch that I have known some Persons, who actually heard the Report, and the very Clashing of Swords, Armour, &c. then in the Turn of a Hand, you will see them all chang'd into a Fleet of Ships floating in the Aerial Fluid, or else drawn up in the Line of Battle, most formidable to behold: And in a Moment all melt and vanish into Air, leaving the Firmament as calm and serene as if nothing had happen'd. Just so the Hypochondraical Clouds, by the Interception and Refraction of the Rays of the Intellectual Sun, appear to the disturbed Imagination

tion of the Hyppish Man, in so many different Shapes, and create those various Effects, to the Disturbance of themselves and Neighbours round about them. So much for the Hyp in general. Now for the different Species of it: Which, to avoid Confusion I shall describe apart. As first,

The Plain Whim, or Maggot;

Is a Species of the Hyp diverting enough; if it keeps within Bounds, and carries a good Mixture of Wit along with it; if not, it degenerates into a mere Rattle and Freakishness. Hence the Tenour of some People's Lives, having too little Wit and too much of the Maggot, is made up of nothing but *Freak* and *Rattle*. Every Thing they do must be out of the common Road, in Opposition to the Rest of Mankind; whether it be in Cloaths, Diet, Hours of Rest, Diversions, and the like, either to shew their Power and Independency; or out of a deprav'd Taste of making themselves remarkable. As if nothing can distinguish a Man, but a frantick Fantasticalness. There are Numbers of such Persons in the World, who, by a wrong Way of thinking, affect such Oddities in all they do. These Persons indeed may be intitled to be Masters of the *Grub*, but can have no Right to the true *Whim*. Since——

The

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The *Whim*, properly so call'd, consists of a Mixture of Wit and Gayety, sent up for some time in the Hypochondrical Recesses, and then breaking out with the greater Lustre. And tho' a Man who has the *Gift* of the *Whim*, be a little various in his Temper; yet the out-of-the-way Sallies of his Wit and Invention breaking in upon you unexpectedly, are sometimes very entertaining; and frequently has the Laugh on his Side. But I wou'd have such Persons take care to keep their Wit within its due Bounds; otherwise, if the Hyppish Part shou'd get a little predominant, they may become freakish; or at the best, Humourists, and be laugh'd at themselves, instead of their Whims. There's *Tom Perriwinkle* is the most diverting Company in the World, when his Wit breaks thro' the Hyppish Clouds, like the Sun, when it breaks thro' the golden-edged Veils of the grey-ey'd Morning, makes all things seem brighter, than if he had shone all Day. Whereas *Sir Francis Freakish* disfranges all the Company, with his exotick Solecisms; and is either avoided for being troublesome, or pitied for being frantick.

The Mulligrubs or Sullens,

HA V E some Affinity with the *Whim*, as to the Cloudy Part, and are the worst kind of the *Grub*: They are caus'd by

by the Hypochondrical Clouds rising so very thick, that the Coruscations of Reason, tho' they struggle very much to do it, can't pierce quite thorough them, unless in some scatter'd Intervals. Hence you shall see Persons labouring under this Species, heave and swell, and sigh and groan, as if they were in a perfect Agony. Sometimes they will be prodigious crabbed and testy, especially with Inferiors, and those who have any Dependence on them, that they will be almost insupportable. Their dark and gloomy Temper sowers every thing they see and hear: Their Spirits are generally so clogg'd, that they think themselves incapable of Life and Motion. Yet, at the same time, their Imagination is so quick, that they take Fire at the least Touch. As some Men will quarrel with their Fingers Ends, when they are in their Cups. Positive and exceptious to the last Degree; prodigious tender and sensible of Affronts; wrestling every thing to the worse Sense: Haughty and punctilious to an extravagant Nicety, that one is in perpetual Pain to converse with them. 'Tis this Species of the Hyp 'that is so troublesome to Mr. *Easy*: And really I can't say, but he has a great deal of Reason. For I have known several Persons in the Country so devour'd with this Evil, they were scarce fit for Human Society: Infomuch, that they not only labour under this

N

Species

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Species of the Hyp, but seem to have a Complication of all the Kinds together. I have known some the most alter'd Men, since I was first acquainted with them in their Youth, that I cou'd not believe they were the same Persons. After some Years living in the Country, being Masters of themselves, as well as of great Estates, from gay, civil, complaisant Gentlemen, they became morose and whimsical Humourists; so self-conceited and haughty, that I have blest my Stars, I was never Master of a great Fortune for fear of such troublesome Appurtenances annexed to it. The Reasons for it I shall give bye and bye. But to proceed to the other Species of the Hyp,

The Crinkums, or Hockle-Croekles.

WHEN Persons have labour'd for sometime under the aforementioned dark and gloomy Species, which we Men of Art call the *Sullens* or *Mulligrubs*, they often break out into the *Crinkums*, otherwise call'd the *Hockle-Croekles*; sometimes fancying themselves dying; then on a sudden bursting forth into profuse Laughters, without Rhyme or Reason. Now they have this Distemper, now that, now all Distempers. Sometimes they fancy their Heads to be a Mill-stone; then, as brittle as Glass: Some won't be perswaded, but that they are turned into

into another Species, or even inanimate Beings, as Eggs, Venison Pasties, Shoulders of Mutton, Warming-Pans, and the like, But I never knew any one who thought himself an Ass, or a Calf's-Head, whatever others might do. Tho' all are not come to this Excess, yet I wou'd advise those, who find themselves inclin'd to this Species, to take particular Care, lest they shou'd. But I am sure some Gentlemen of my Acquaintance tho' ignorant of it themselves, behave after such an odd, extravagant manner, in their Course of Life, that, to more judicious Persons, they must appear to be fit for nothing but *Bedlam*; or to be shut up in their own Castles, as some do of their own accord. Their attending Slaves and Dependents may soften it with the Name of a particular Humour; but I am sure it approaches nigher Madness than any thing else.

The Visionaries.

IN the Comparison I made between the Clouds arising from the Earth, obscuring the natural Sun, and the Hypochondrical Clouds overcasting the Light of the Mind, the Reader may make a more particular Application of it to this Species of the Hyp call'd the *Visions*, or *Visionaries*. For, as in a Cloudy Day, the lower Parts of the Clouds look

Dark and Gloomy, yet the upper Part, towards the Sun, must be all illuminated; and doubtless must afford a glorious Prospect, with a great many fine Representations to those that cou'd see them. But when the Beams of the Sun break thro' the same Clouds, and drive them on Heaps in the different Part of the Horizon, they appear in a Thousand various Shapes of Towers, Castles, Ships, Armies, Monsters, &c. according to the Vivacity of Imagination in the Spectators. In like manner, a great many Persons in the Hyp, tho' they appear dark and gloomy to others, enjoy a great many glorious Representations in the imaginary Regions; and not only see, but *Foresee* a great many things, which, for the Blood of them, they can't perswade other People to believe. At other Times, when the Rays of Reason pierce thro' those gloomy Clouds, and form different Shapes out of them, then the Hypochondriacal Spectator has the Eyes of his Imagination affected with very different Representations. Now he is delighted with the Prospect of fine Palaces, with all the Pageantry of Grandeur and Attendance, that a lively Imagination can invent. Immediately after, as his Visions are generally more dreadful, than delectable, he is terrified with Spectres, whose Threats are always aiming at himself. Then he sees powerful Enemies combining against him,

with

with Views of Plots and Designs, which any one might see, if they had but his Lights. Some of these Visionaries are the wisest Men in the World: They see the Ends and Drifts of other Mens Actions, much further than the Authors of them. They seem to look down with Pity on the Ignorance of others, and hug themselves in Contemplation of their own Knowledge, but with the utmost Caution and Circumspection; being jealous of their own Shadows, lest they shou'd be thought Discoverers of Secrets, no where existing but in their own Brains. In fine, nothing can happen in publick or private Affairs, but what they cou'd have fore-told, only they were afraid of being taken up for Conjurers, or seiz'd by the Government for their too great Insight into Politicks. But to convince my Reader of the Effects of a too lively Imagination, particularly under this Distemper; I was sent for to a Gentleman in very great Distress, occasioned by this Species of the Hyp, I am speaking of. When I came in, I saw him in the Depth of Melancholy: After a great deal of Struggle to bring it out, he told me he was to be assassinated for finding out the true Motive of Monsieur *Chauvelin's* Disgrace; which was to lay the Blame on that Minister, because the *French* King had put up his Sword before he had settled his *Father-in-Law* on the Throne of *Poland*.

I had no way to satisfy him, but by assuring him that Secret was discover'd before, by a famous Conjuror who made it his Business to pry into all the Secrets of Crown'd Heads.

The Rantipoles, or Altitudes,

HAVE a great Affinity with the latter; only Persons labouring under this Species are not so timorous and reserv'd as the others: But, on the contrary, are very bold and daring, at least by Fits. There are different Gradations in every Species. The Rantipoles are not so frequent as some Kinds of the Hyp, not in Men so much as Women; tho' I have met with some of both Sexes, who had them in a great Degree. When Women are in their Altitudes, they break out like a Tempest against all that comes in their way. Servants, Friends, Husband, House, and all, will be borne down with their furious Transports. Nothing in Nature can be more extravagant than a Woman, when once this Distemper is got into her Head; tho' oftentimes it begins from a lower Region. The Face of the Ocean is not so variable as her Temper; nor half so boisterous: When the Storm breaks out, fly to Shelter as fast as you can; particularly, if it has been any considerable time a-gathering. This you may forget by
her

her cloudy Looks, swell'd Cheeks, red Eyes, which sometimes will discharge themselves by a Flood of Tears, for no visible Reason in the World. If not, it bursts into a Storm of Words and Actions, till it destroys it self by its own Violence. You will find them in Ten Thousand Minds in a Day's time; and all in Extreame. Their Mirth is always on the *High Rant*; which is the worst Turn the Humour can take. For then they know no Bounds in any respect. In a Word, the *Altitudes* in a Woman, is worse than Madness. For when they are really mad, there may be a proper Place found for them: But in this Case, having some Wit, and a vast deal of Vivacity, no Methods can tame them but one, which I am not willing to name.

The *Rantipoles* in Men begin sometimes before the cloudy Season; sometimes after. All your young rakish Fellows, and old ones too, who commit Ten Thousand Extravagances, because it is their Humour forsooth, are more or less push'd on by the Effects of this Distemper. What are all those unaccountable Freaks and Sallies, such Numbers of Men are guilty of, more maggotty and extravagant than those in *Bedlam*, but evident Symptoms of the Brain's being sick; and that their Spirits are hurried on by other Impulses than those of Nature and Reason? Nature govern'd

by Reason, ought to be uniform and regular: Whereas nothing these Persons do, is of a Piece. The World is too full of Examples, not only of mad wild Fellows, whose Lives are nothing but Rant and Rattle, as if they were born in a Hurricane, but even Men of more advanced Years, chiefly of Figure and Fortune, you will find some of them so much on the high Freak, that nothing but being their own Masters, and living in a free Country could keep them from wearing a Stone Dotblet. The Reason why I reckon all your Rakes, young and old, among the *Hypochondrians*, is that if ever the Heat of their Blood boils over, without bringing them to some untimely End, as is often the Case, they will become the most humourfome, hyppish Creatures in the World. For which Reason, beside a great many others, I wou'd advise Ladies never to marry Rakes. There are infinite other Kinds of Hyp: But let these suffice for the present. Perhaps all may be reduced to some of these Classes.

The Cure of the Hyp, with some more particular Causes of it.

TIS allow'd by all Hands, that *Englishmen* are more subject to the *Hyp* than other Nations; and I believe, 'tis no less certain, that Gentlemen (for the mid-

middling People are not so pester'd with it) living constantly in the Country, are more liable to it, than those who live in great Towns: At least, to the dark and dogged Kinds of it: Except those who are married to very pretty Wives. Such indeed have not their Heads so much clogg'd in the Country, as in Towns. Some think the Reason why *Englishmen* are so subject to it, proceeds from the Inequality of the Climate, with the perpetual Changes of the Weather and Air; and such short Intervals from one Extream to another. This doubtless has some Influence on human Bodies, and by their Mediation, on our Minds. Others impute it to the almost continual Clouds and Foggs our Country is subject to, being encompass'd by the Sea; which, by their Weight, depress our Spirits, and render us cloudy and heavy like the Air we breathe. But if this were so, Persons in great Towns wou'd be more subject to it than those in the Country, which is contrary to Experience. Others attribute it to the Grossness and Quantity of our Food and Liquors; as 'tis Matter of Fact no People eat so much gross Meat as we do: Whatever Addition may be made by hard Drinking, these together must certainly cause vast Quantities of Fumes and Crudities; which, when the more vigorous Time of our Life is spent, will clogg our Spirits, and
make

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thwarts his Inclinations, nor has Patience to suffer the common Inconveniences of Life, all of them together render him as whimsical a Piece of Mortality as an indulg'd Temper can make him.

The Cure therefore for the Hyp, I mean for those who cannot have the Benefit of my Glass, which I am confident would contribute very much to their Ease, must be, First, to endeavour to cultivate their Reason so as to be above all little Inconveniences of Human Life, making that to regulate and govern the Impulses of our Inclinations and Passions, and not these command our Reason. IIldly, to be prepared against Ten Thousand little Crosses and Disturbances, which, in spite of all we cou'd do, will happen to every Individual, of what State soever. Since none can be exempt from the common Infirmary of Mortality; why therefore shall we throw ourselves off our Biass, and put ourselves out of Temper, for things we know, or ought to know, must and will make part of the Ingredients of this changeable State. IIIldly, not to give way to, or indulge our Humour at the beginning. For any Humour indulg'd too far, will turn into Capriciousness and Whimsicalness, as we see by infinite Examples round about us. IVthly, not to think to live for no Body but ourselves. Since the greatest Man upon Earth must submit to be obliging and complaisant

plaisant to others, on many Occasions; and all wise Men will be so as often they can. Neither can that be properly call'd Submission, which is agreable to the best Dictates of Right Reason. Vthly, to be courageous, firm and steady in the Tenour of our Conduct: Endeavouring to keep an Equality in the Temper of our Mind in all Occurrences; not to let the Variety of Weather, Change of Air, Diet, Place of Abode, Company, Accidents, Crosses of Fortune, Want of Success in our Undertakings, little Infirmities of Body, or other Imperfections, get the better of us; but to keep the upper Region calm, let whatever Storms rage in other Parts: And tho' we can't be insensible, so as not to feel them, at least not to be unmann'd by them. VIthly, to consider how little we suffer, and how much we enjoy, in Comparison of others, who yet bear up with less Anxiety of Mind than we do. VIIthly, to take particular Care not to be puff'd up with Pride and Haughtiness, or of being carried away with the dazzling Lustre of the Goods of Fortune in common with the worst of Men; which often put the Blind on the Best; as it is much harder to bear Prosperity, than Adversity. Such an Impotency of Mind will render us more contemptible, than Persons infinitely below us in other respects. VIIIly, to reflect how
much

much we depend on others for the Blessings we enjoy. But IXthly, to confine myself to Gentlemen in the Country, who, tho' they have the Happiness of being placed in a State of Life, where they might enjoy more Tranquillity of Mind, than in the Flutter and Noise of the Town; and have more Leisure to cultivate their Reason than other People, yet the contrary often happens; nor are these inward Helps and Reflections of so great Use to them as one would imagine: Since we see by Experience, when they have liv'd some Years in a retir'd Life, they become a great deal more humourfome, than those who frequent Company, occasion'd, as I remark'd before, by looking on themselves independent, and at Liberty to follow their own Whims. Wherefore, I can't but think, if Country-Gentlemen wou'd accustom themselves to be less selfish, and more complaisant to others, it would do them a great Deal of Good. But above all, if they wou'd endeavour to frequent mixt Company, where Persons are independent of them, it might teach them to be free, easy and affable to every one; as such Companies must be, unless they would be hiss'd at, or at least be thought very singular by all the World beside. It wou'd inspire them with a Gayety and Openness in their Temper, too apt to be sowed by living alone, and would

diffi-

disperse those Glooms that surround them, when they are left to enjoy nothing but themselves. Why are Persons, for Example, who have travell'd and seen the World, more free and easy in their Conversation, and less liable to the Dumps and Whims of a solitary Life, but because they are frequently in the best Company, and those, if not superior, at least independent of them? Where they are obliged, and even habituated to be courteous and complaisant to every one; observing such a Decorum in their Behaviour, that nothing must be said or done that appears rude or shocking to any one. There every Person is at Liberty to speak his Mind; but still with that Regard to good Manners, as all civilized Persons ought to shew towards one another. By such a Liberty, they both improve each other, and learn, nay, are obliged to put off any Moroseness of Temper, they may be otherwise inclin'd to. In a Word, 'tis a Thousand Pities, that the Blessing we enjoy here in *England*, of living every Man under his own Vine, instead of rendering us more equable and steady in our Temper, shou'd often produce the contrary Effects, and make us become mere Humourists when we become independent. 'Tis not, but that I prefer the sweet and innocent Advantages of a Country-Life infinitely before the Hurry and Noise of Grandeur, and the Lux-
ury

ury of Great Towns : But as Physicians prescribe things hurtful to our Nature, and sometimes Poison in themselves, 'tis in this Sense, I think, going up to Town sometimes, and polishing the Ruggedness of the Country, by frequenting the best Company, may prevent greater Evils: So I leave it to every judicious and impartial Reader's

● Consideration.

I am often consulted in a great many other Points, by way of Queries, in particular Cases. I shall only mention Two, sent me very lately. One is, why Women are generally so fond of Rakes, Soldiers, Strangers, particularly of one Nation, and this in all Ages and Countries, that one wou'd almost think there were some Charm, or Witchcraft in the Case; since if Women had the right Use of common Sense, they must know, that such Persons, at the best, are Rovers by Profession, having Mistresses, and very often Wives, in all Countries they come into, and are the most unlikely to make good Husbands of any Men living.

Answer. Why, to tell the real Truth, the First Reason in general, is the unaccountable Whimsicalness and Capriciousness of the Sex; who will do, what they will do, if ever they set their Fancy on any thing. 'Tis certain in Fact, they generally throw themselves away on the most worthless Fellows, when they are entirely
left

left to their own Choice. Idly, Women are more led by Opinion than People imagine, and mostly deceived by it. Hence they are so often betray'd and sold by those, who have an Ascendant over them. IIIly, the Spirit of Contradiction. IVthly, Curiosity. Vthly, the daring Impudence of the Aggressor: *Woman that's born to be controul'd*, &c. VIthly, the Facility, and perhaps Desire to be cheated into what they wish; which they think may excuse them when they have gain'd their Ends; with a certain Timorousness in the Sex, that affects to be overcome. VIIthly, Envy of another's Happiness, real or imagin'd. Hence the Ruin of one Woman, is a certain Step to ruin a great many more. They covet to rob one another, or think there must be something extraordinary in one Man, or one Set of Men, if other Women are fond of them; which, tho' never so false, is enough to set them all a-gog. Lastly, the ultimate End of Women, unless arm'd and guarded by supernatural Helps, is Pleasure, and that too in one Respect. When they are perswaded such a Person is more capable of answering that End, they will break thro' all Considerations, tho' they see inevitable Ruin before their Eyes. But in this, as in several other Points, they are generally deceived by other Women, set on purposely to draw them into that

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Belief, and then they can't recede, tho' they find themselves deceiv'd. But as for that ridiculous Notion, that a reform'd Rake makes the best Husband, Ten Thousand dismal Examples convince them to the contrary. A reclaim'd Rake is like over brisk Wine, which when once it begins to flap, settles down either to mere *Faces* or Vinegar.

The other Query was dropt at the End of a Letter about a more serious Concern, and was express'd thus: What is your Opinion of *Free-Masonry*? My Answer shall be as Laconick, 'Tis a *Grand Follery*.

C H A P. X.

The Author returns to his Subject.

I Believe the Reader will think it high time, I shou'd come to the chief Point in Question, for which I undertook this laborious Treatise; and from which, I own, I have rambled a great way. But I cou'd bring Examples of Authors of very great Note, for my Justification; a great Part of whose Books are as foreign to the Matter in Hand, as this can be. Besides, I don't question but the careful Reader remembers very well, what I told him at the Beginning;

ing, that I wou'd not be tyed up to common Methods, but shou'd take the Liberty to *Digress* now and then, when any Thought occurred for the Good of my Fellow-Creatures. — Well then; what I undertook was to enquire the Reasons why Gold and a great Estate shou'd work such Changes in Rational Creatures; mere Matter and Dirt to operate thus on a spiritual Being! But to tell the real Truth, now I look higher into the Subject, I can't see so many Reasons why it shou'd be so, as I thought I cou'd: Tho' the Fact is as plain as a Pike-Staff. It may happen to myself, as it often does to a great many Brothers of the Quill, that tho' they say a great many fine things, and display a great deal of Erudition before they come to the Point, nevertheless they leave the chief Difficulty to be made out by the Skill of their Readers.

But not entirely to frustrate my Reader's Expectation, I will go in the Pursuit of the Reasons for such a Change, as well as I can. Some of the Physical Reasons I gave in *Chap. IV.* and, in some Measure the Manner *How*; much the harder Point of the Two: When, in the opening the Skulls of such Persons, we found the Steams of their Riches had flown up to their Poricraniums, and supply'd the Place of Ideas. But the Metaphysical Reasons for such a Change,

are above my Skill : Some moral Reasons may be easily given. The best and the most obvious consist in that Air of Assurance and Self-sufficiency a great Estate gives a Person, towards what he had before. Which Air of Assurance and Self-sufficiency (I repeat it twice over to make it more observ'd) is a prodigious Help towards the establishing the Credit of a Person's Parts. I, myself, when I am in a poor Garb, can't talk with half the Assurance and Decorum, as I can, when I am better equipp'd ; and that goes a great way in setting a Man off. But when I am well dress'd, with a good Wig, fine Linnen, and my Pockets well lined with Money, methinks I not only speak with a better Grace, and without any Constraint, but really much better Sense than at another time ; and I am sure more regarded. Now, a Man that is the best dress'd, and is known to have more Money in his Purse, than any one in the Company, must be superior at that Juncture to any one else in the same Company. Gold sets off every thing to the best Advantage ; over and above the prodigious Helps of fine Cloaths, splendid Equipages, and the like, it supplies you with the best Masters in all Arts and Sciences, both to improve your natural Parts, if you have any ; and, at the same time, to cover your Defects. Some will teach you a Smattering in Polite Literature, others

others in History, others in Politicks, &c. So that a very slender Share of Sense will shew a great Way, when set off by so many reverberating Lustres. Not to say any thing of Carriage, Address, Bowing, Dancing, and the like, these pass for Accomplishments of the Mind with some People; with a Thousand other Qualifications, which may be beat into the greatest Blockheads, by proper Masters; and the best Masters in all Sciences may be had for Money: *Ergo*, &c. Again; Gold draws after you a great Train of Admirers, who applaud every thing you say, and trumpet your Fame all around; particuilarly to those who will tell you again. Lord! what wise things will Great Personages say, which wou'd all be lost if it were not for such Attendants! What witty things will even little Children of Quality say, to the Admiration of all that hear them! not only fit for the Entertainment of the best Company, but to be recorded to Posterity. The worst Inconvenience is, they say so many fine things in their Minority; that they exhaust their Stock before they come to Maturity. When thus your Fame is establish'd by your depending Admirers, it gives People a prodigious Opinion of your Parts; even before they try'd them, that they are assur'd you are going to speak Sentences, before you open your Mouth. What wou'd be nothing

in the Mouth of another Man, will be something above the common in yours. Nay, if you shou'd chance to talk a little Nonsense now and then, the Generality of your Hearers will take it to proceed from the Profundity of your Knowledge, and think it unintelligible, not because it is so, but because it exceeds their Comprehension.

Montagne, in his Essays, tells us, that when we see a Person advanced to any Post of Honour and Dignity in the Commonwealth, we immediately frame an Idea of his Abilities: We imagine we see something Grand in him; and think all his Actions speak a Capacity for the Employment he is in. But if he shou'd chance to be turn'd out for Insufficiency, or the like, we wonder with ourselves, we did not see it before. 'Tis much the same with Men of great Estates. If it were not for their Riches and Splendor, perhaps they wou'd remain as undistinguish'd, nay, pass for as great Numskulls, as the rest of their Neighbours. But as they are elevated by their Fortunes above the common Level, so are not only their own Ideas rais'd in Proportion, but ours also.

Perhaps you will object, that all this only proves, that by the Accession of a great Estate, Persons of very moderate Capacities may appear to be Men of Parts in the Opinion

nion of others, and perhaps in their own: But it does not prove they are so in Effect.

Answer. Why, is not that enough? What are most of our best Qualifications, but Opinion? What is Honour, Praise, Esteem, Reputation? How many Persons don't value a Rush what they are in themselves, if others have but an Opinion of them? What are most of the Satisfactions of Life, but as they are in Opinion? What are Fashions, Manners, Rules of Breeding and Behaviour, so much different from what they were heretofore, but so many different Opinions? Why is *Scipione* a great Politician; *Furio* a great Soldier; *Massanello* a great Lawyer; *Misello* a great Manager; *Puzzellero* a great Scholar; *Fantastico* a great Wit; *Bibbetti* a great Writer of Plays; *Pungoso* a great Poet; *Leda* a great Beauty; *Prudella* a Woman of Vertue, but in Opinion? Why are Authors

——— *set agog in spite*
Of Nature and their Stars to write,

but to gain Opinion? Yet my Opponent has the Forehead to say, that a great Estate makes a Fool become a Man of Parts *only in Opinion*. I own I can't keep my Temper, for all my Philosophy, when such Impertinences are advanced for Arguments. Nay, if a Fool is but a Man of Parts, *his*

his own Opinion, which is the Case of a great many of my Acquaintance, and those no small Fools neither, it will go a great way. However, all this is said *ex abundanti*; for, I am of Opinion, that such a Change is made intrinsically, and in Effect, by the mere Force of Gold; otherwise, as was hinted before, we must arraign the Sense and Judgment of the greatest Men in all Ages, especially the Nobility and Gentry, who measure every thing by Figure and Fortune. Can we see such Great Personages offering their Incense to the greatest Block in Nature, if he is but bedaub'd with Gold, and think there is nothing in't? In short, this is my Opinion. But if any one shou'd chance to *Opine* the contrary, and think that a Fool, with a Great Estate, may be a greater Fool than without it, I leave him the Philosophical Liberty of enjoying his own Opinion.

C H A P. VIII.

Some Inconveniences attending Gentlemen in these Circumstances, and their Cures.

A Surfeit of Gold, as was observed at the Beginning of this Treatise, is one of the most dangerous Surfeits of all: But there are other Inconveniences attending Gentlemen who overflow with Gold, particularly

cularly those who commence Men of Parts; by the Accession of a great Estate. These Inconveniences are troublesome enough, both to themselves and others; but chiefly to those, who are oblig'd to converse with them. They run prodigiously on the *Too's*. For Example: They Become *Too* Wise, *too* Learned, *too* Bright, *too* Valiant, *too* Polite, *too* Gay, *too* Airy, *too* every thing. I once knew a Gentleman of this Class, who from a very dull Mortal, became all on a sudden *too* *too* Wise in his Words and Actions. We happen'd to Discourse one Day on a Point of Philosophy, which by our long Acquaintance, he ought to have known was my particular Talent. I remember it was on the Occasion of some one in the Company saying, how hard it was to conceive the Earth to be Spherical: I was, going to give the Demonstration of it, that it must be of a Globular Form, when my Gentleman took me up in a friendly way, with a, "Come," says he, you know nothing of the Matter; don't disgrace yourself, before this Noble Company, who have a greater Share in the Knowledge of the Earth than you can have, by many a *Thousand Acres*. I say the Earth is made flat like a Trencher; neither is it more possible, that Men shou'd live with their Feet towards ours, than that I shou'd walk on the Ceiling of this Room, with my Head

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“ towards the Floor. What is your Opin-
 “ ion, Gentlemen, is it not so? ” To be
 sure, says one of the Standers-by, and with
 that they all gave a contemptible Sneer
 at me, as if I were impertinent to argue
 the Case with them. I was really ignorant
 before of the Force of his Argument, which
 was grounded on having so many more
 Acres than I had; and wou’d advise all
 Geometricians to get Possession of a large
 Share of the Earth, before they pretend to
 give a Demonstration of it. I have been
 several times in such Noble Company,
 where, if I begin to advance any thing, or
 give my Opinion on Subjects, as they occur,
 they stare at one another, and with a con-
 temptible Look let me know, that ’tis no-
 thing but their Good Breeding makes them
 take no Notice of what I say. That there
 are infinite Numbers of these too Wise
 Men, proceeding from their great Dignities,
 or great Estates, who applaud one another
 in their own fashionable Discourse, and
 look down with a sovereign Contempt on
 any one who is not as Great as themselves,
 is too obvious to a Person of any Observa-
 tion. The great Difficulty is how to cure
 this reigning Defect. My Glass will not do’t,
 because it can’t supply the Defects of Na-
 ture. The only Way, in my Opinion, is to
 reduce them to a lower Rank in their Estates
 and Fortunes, by stripping them of some
 of

of their Superfluous Riches. Then you will find, that the Redundancy of their Knowledge will be cut off in Proportion to the Diminution of their Estates. But you must take Care not to strip them entirely, otherwise you will leave them as great Fools as they were before. That this Method will do it effectually, is a plain Demonstration. For I have known several Persons, and some of a very high Rank, who being reduced to a very low Ebb, have been as humble, courteous, sociable, and even tractable Creatures, as a Man wou'd wish to see. But if they chance to get a-Top of the Wheel again, they become too Great and too Wise, for a Man of a Moderate Capacity to converse with. But how to strip them of their Fortunes, without breaking in upon their Property, there lyes the Difficulty; for a Fool may have as much Right and Property (I mean a Great Fool) as a Wiser Man. Why, to leave nothing unattempted for the Good of my own Species, there may be a great many Ways and Means suggested for that Effect; as,

First, To set them a Madding on Elections, and standing up for Members of Parliament, where if they miss their Aim, or can't procure a Place to lick themselves whole; their Pockets will be reduced to very tolerable Dimensions, and by Consequence, their Understanding. *2dly*, Gam-
ing;

ing; particularly, private Play, with a Bosom-Friend; to supply them with Money, and go Snacks with the Winners. This will contribute very much to bring them to the right Use of their Senses again; at least, to *Statu quo*, by stripping them of that dazzling Metal, whose Lustre made the intellectual Opticks magnify too much.

3^{dly}, If you cou'd set them a-gog for building fine Houses, making new Parks, Gardens, Water-works, &c. in Imitation of great Princes, This wou'd soon drain their Purses and Pericraniums, to a great Degree.

4^{thly}, Great Equipages always above their Rank; Running Horses; (for a simple Pack of Fox-hounds will not run out an Estate fast enough;). Quality and extravagant Wives; haughty Mistresses; a *Seraglio* wou'd do't much sooner; or even living constantly in *London*; especially if they go frequently to Court, Great Assemblies, Balls, &c. It will soon bring a great Estate, and vast Ideas, to a competent Magnitude.

5^{thly}, To induce new Fashions in all Expences, particularly Apparel; so that it shall be a Disgrace to any one above a Thousand a Year, to appear twice in the same Suit: Particularly if they are well bedaub'd with Gold and Silver Lace. But this alone will not quite take up their Yearly Income. The Overplus, I mean, what is above the Rent of their Estates *per Annum*, it being

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beneath a compleat Gentleman, to keep within Bounds, must be made up by Opera's, Plays, Taverns, Coaches, Chairs, &c. 6thly, But the surest Way, in my Opinion, is to have some cunning Lawyer, or at least a Petty-fogger, entirely entrusted with the Management of their Estates; who by engaging them in great Law-suits for what never belong'd to them; filling their Heads with new Titles and Pretensions; with other Ways and Means best known to themselves, will soon translate the over-grown Bulk of an Estate into his own Possession; and by that means entail most of the aforesaid Inconveniencies on himself or his Boggyl Heir. Sometimes a notable crafty Steward may be a great Help to ease Men of their Riches; especially if he has that attractive Faculty in his Fingers mention'd in *Chap. 5.* by which a great Deal of his Master's Money will stick to them like Birdlime. But then he must be sure to flatter his Master's Inclinations in every thing. He must fetter him on as many new Projects as he can. He must keep him flush with Money as long as may be: Still entreating his Wants, and encouraging his Extravagances, by all manner of Means, even to pimp for him, if it lyes in his way: But never to let him into the true State of his Affairs, till he is sov'ly incumber'd, he can't get out. Then he must confound and entangle his Accounts, clog-

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ging them with his own vast Trouble and Expences, to the best of his Power. But above all, he must contrive to lend his Master as much of his own Money as he can; that when they come to make the Balance, the Steward's Share may outweigh the Master's. All this they know how to do better than myself. I have heard of a Steward, who was so dextrous in his Art, that when his Master came to reckon with him, a round Thousand Pounds a Year, with a noble Royalty, was so far engaged to the industrious OEconomus, that his Master thought he came off very well, by delivering up the Fee Simple for a very insignificant Consideration. But what was much more wonderful, that very Steward fell sick of the Tax's as his Master did before him.

These are the most effectual Ways and Means for Gentlemen to get rid of their Riches, and the Inconveniences attending them, which I submit to the Judgment of the more Curious.

N. B. There may be several Persons, both of great Quality and great Estates exempt from all the Inconveniences and Metamorphoses mention'd in this Treatise as will be seen in the following Chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

*That Riches make no great Alteration
in Persons who are thoroughly Wise,
and Why.*

I Promised my Reader, at the Beginning, that I wou'd give a short Sketch of the Reasons, why a great Estate, tho' it causes such wonderful Changes in most Men, yet shou'd have but little or no Influence on a truly Wise Man. And to avoid Mistakes, or the Imputation of contradicting myself in one Place what I said in another, I desire him to reflect, that tho' I have prov'd invincibly the wonderful Effects of Gold, yet I never advanced, that it cou'd give true Wisdom. 'Tis quite a different thing to become a Man of Parts, and to become a Wise Man. There are few Men, but some have soft Places, others empty Places in their Heads, which are fill'd up, and supply'd by the exhaled Fumes of Gold, as demonstrated in the Anatomical Experiment *Chap. 4.* which doubtless gives a great Lustre to every thing they say or do. But in a Wise Man, his Idea's and Notions are so justly adapted and proportioned to the Magnitude of his Intellect, that no adventitious, intoxicating Fumes can find Entrance. Hence

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There may be Wise Men of very different Capacities; as a small House may as justly answer the Rules of Architecture, as the most Magnificent Palace. So Wisdom consisting in the just Proportion between a Man's Idea's, and the Receptacles for them, that they may be neither too thin, or too much crowded on the one Hand, with a just Analogy between them and their Objects on the other; for this Reason, a Wise Man always squares his Actions proportionably to his Abilities. Tho' this, in some Cases, is call'd Prudence; Wisdom chiefly regarding the Theory, and Prudence the Practical Part. However, Prudence and Wisdom generally go Hand in Hand.

Hence, as there may be very Great Men in their respective Degrees, as Great Statesmen, Great Lawyers, Great Scholars, yet not Wise; so there may be Wise Men, who are neither Statesmen, Lawyers, nor Scholars: Tho' a Wise Man may be all, or each of these, and retain true Wisdom at the same time. But if he be only Great in one respect, he won't fancy himself to be a Great Man in all the rest. As it often happens with some Persons, who because they are Eminent in any one Science, think they have a Right to pretend to all the rest.

A Wise Man is never carried away with first Appearances, but squares his Actions by the due Estimate of things; his Judgments
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are always steady and uniform : Neither does he judge of an Action by Success, but by the just Measures that were taken to bring it to pass. The Painter that dash'd his Sponge against his Piece, because he cou'd not paint the Foam of a Horse to his Mind, and by Chance did what Art cou'd not do, was rather to be accounted a Lucky Fool, than an Artist. But to draw nigher to the Title of the Chapter.

A Wise Man may abound with Riches and Plenty, and not have the least better Opinion of himself, or the worse of his Neighbour on that Account, or indeed find any Alteration in his Intellectual OEconomy; unless it be to make him more sensible of his Obligations to Providence for the Benefit, tho' they shou'd seem to be the Fruit of his own Wisdom; because *first*, he knows, he cou'd not give himself his own natural Faculties, or even Being: *2dly*, because he knows notwithstanding all his Precautions, Ten Thousand Chances, out of his Power to prevent, might have robb'd him of them. *3dly*, because he knows that Riches may be the Portion of a Fool, as well as of a Wise Man; of a Vicious Man, as well as of a Good Man; of a Slave, as well as of a Nobleman, &c. and what Honour can it be, to be put on the Level with a Fool, a vicious Man, or a Slave? He sees a Person must be one of these, that measures

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Worth by Riches. He makes Use of Riches as they are offer'd him; but neither values himself for the Possession, or Use of them. He does not question, but there may be a great many Persons, who are oblig'd, by Rank, to give him Place; and yet may be Better and Wiser Men than himself; since Wisdom does not consist in a Point, or is confin'd to one.

Lastly, the Wise Man knows that tho' all the Gifts of Fortune may be communicated to different Subjects; yet true Wisdom can never be found but in a Good Man; nor can a Vicious Man ever be wise, since all Vice, if consider'd abstracted from our Passions, is against the Dictates of Right Reason; and who can be Wise that acts against Reason, or denies the Being of it? Persons may be Cunning, Sharp, Sagacious, Circumspect, Deep-reach'd, in their Designs and Projects; and successful in them too; and yet fall short of true Wisdom. In fine, the Wise Man alone knows the true Value of Wisdom, and honours it in whatever Subject he finds it, whether it be recommended by the Gifts of Fortune, or not. Neither is he ashamed of the poorest Garb, as *Sophronio* is a living Example.

Sophronio is a Person of Figure and Fortune, and allow'd by all, who have the Honour of his Acquaintance, to be a thorough Wise Man. I was once at Table with him;

him, when an old Favourite-Servant, who had Care of him from his Youth, told him he had met *Cleander* that Morning, as he was Riding over some *Downs* at a pretty Distance from the House. *Cleander*! cries *Sophronio* in the greatest Extasy, where is He? *Cleander*, the brightest Genius of his Time! But where is he, says he again, with such an Emotion I never saw him in before. Sir, says the Servant, if you will give me Leave, I'll tell ye: He had lost his Way on the wild Downs, and seeing me at a Distance, came up to enquire the Road. He was alone, and in a very poor Dress, occasion'd by Misfortunes, and so alter'd by Years and other Causes, that I did not know him at first Sight: But remembering I had often seen him with you at the University, I knew him at length, and told him, you wou'd be the most overjoy'd Man in the World to see him. He seem'd to be out of Countenance, and begg'd to be excus'd, on account of his Garb, which was not fit to be seen by a Person of your Rank. Garb cries *Sophronio*, can that Mind want any other Ornaments but its own? With that he rose from the Table, in a Melancholly Posture, Oh *Cleander*, cries he, how didst thou out-shine all in the University, and to be so neglected! Upon this his Servant added, I forc'd him to come into my Apartment to refresh himself, but could not get

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him to your Presence. No sooner had he said it, but *Sophronio* runs out, without making any Apology, contrary to his Custom, tho' we were intimate Friends, and I after him, as fast as my Years and short Legs wou'd let me; when I found them claspt in each other's Arms, without speaking a Word for some time. At last, says *Sophronio*, this was the unkindest thing you ever did in your Life; what different Notions must you have of me, from what you had once, to think I did not desire your Company of all Men in the World? Or that any Dress, or Condition cou'd make me forget my dear *Cleander*! My Misfortunes, reply'd *Cleander*, overwhelm'd me, in spite of all my Reflexion; and tho' I knew nothing could alter the Nobleness of your Mind, yet methought, what the World calls at present Fashion and Respect, bid me keep at a Distance. The World, cries *Sophronio*! the World's mad, and wicked, and blind, and we shall be so too, if we follow its Maxims. Come, says he, conducting him in, and placing him on his right Hand, take the Place due to your Merit; which shall be yours as long as you and I live; and there being none but we three in the Room, the Waiters being bid to withdraw, he pulls out a Purse of Two Hundred Guineas; accept this, says he, for your present Occasions, 'tis but a Trifle to what we
throw

throw away at our Diversions, and shall I grudge Ten Times as much for the best of Men? No, *Cleander*, continues he, every thing that belongs to me shall attend you with all the Freedom and Liberty worthy yourself. Be Master of that, as you are of your own Mind. If you will let me have a Share in the Treasures you contain there, nothing I can give can come up to it. Here he made a little Pause. Stay, says he, that you may be entirely free, without Dependence even of myself, I settle the same Sum *per Annum* on you for your Life; but no House, that you may make mine your own. Pardon that little Restraint, for that too shall be at your Option. I know the noblest Mind requires the most Freedom. As for the Sum, 'tis a Trifle to my Estate; and tho' Providence has blest me with a Numerous, I believe, I may say, hopeful Issue, I am not ignorant, that not only myself, but Thousands others, in my Circumstances, squander away twice as much in what, I wish were no more than real Trifles; and imagine such Profusions belong to their State. He was going on, when *Cleander*, with a low, but open and manly Bow, cry'd, for Heaven's sake, don't quite overpower me! All the Freedom I seek in the World, is to be ty'd for ever in the Bonds of your Friendship. Here they embraced again; and I leave the Reader to imagine,

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the due Returns of Gratitude and Acknowledgment *Cleander* made to his generous Benefactor. I own, I never was more pleas'd in my Life. Oh! thought I, if our Nobility and Gentry wou'd but reflect, what Use they make of the Blessings of Providence! and wou'd lay out what they spend on profligate Wretches, for Uses and Services not to be named, on learned and virtuous Persons, not only the most capable of being grateful, but giving them the most comfortable Prospect of all the vast Sums that have run thro' their Hands. I shall not enlarge on the valuable Points discours'd of in such an agreeable Interview, between Persons of such bright Parts, and consummate Knowledge in all the Duties of Life. They turn'd mostly on the Vanity, Folly, Ingratitude, Injudiciousness, and even Injustice and Impiety of the Generality of the World; where we see Numbers of Persons of great Estates, tolerable Characters, good Sense, and may be esteem'd Virtuous in vulgar Eyes, so blinded and carried away with the dazzling Splendor of the Grandeur of the World, that they think nothing can be Great and Valuable, but what appears in a great Equipage. I can scarce express the Pleasure I took in the Conversation of these Two great Men. I shou'd have thought myself the happiest Man in the World, if I cou'd have made an inseparable Part in the

Triple

Triple Knot. But I knew I was born for my Neighbours as well as myself. That the Follies of my own Species call'd every where for a Cure: But no where more than in this great Metropolis, where I was hastening: So I was forced, after a few Days to take my Leave.

However, to shew my Tenderness for all whom my personal Presence can't reach; if any Person has a Mind to acquire this Treasure of true Wisdom, I let the World know, that I have a Philosophical Receipt for it, adapted to the different Capacities of Men, which they must study every Morning, the first thing they do. With a *Collyrium* to anoint the Eyes, as soon as they awake, to prevent their being dazzled, if not quite blinded with the Pomp and Vanities of the World. Given *Gratis* with proper Directions.

C H A P. XII.

The Author, in his Return, calls at Merlin's Cave. The strange Discoveries made to him by Merlin.

SECTION I.

Some Occurrences he met with on his Journey.

NO Twitstanding the Delight I took in *Sophrania's* Company, the constant Sollicitude for the Good of my Fellow

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creatures, made me resolve to prefer, what my Lights induced me to believe to be a Duty, before any private Satisfaction; so taking my Leave of the two inseparable Friends over Night, I prevented the Blushes of *Aurora*, and was a good Way on my Road before she had dishevelled her Golden Tresses. In a short time we, that is, myself and my Man, came to some of the finest Downs I ever saw in my Life. On the one Hand, we had a Prospect of the Sea at a considerable Distance, and on the other, the beautiful Landskip of a most Glorious Vale, terminated with rising Hills, some Ten or Twelve Miles off. We went jogging on without any particular Adventure for some time: When being full of my Philosophical Speculations, and a little subject to talk, or, as an ingenious Author expresses it, think to myself, I bid my Man ride on before, to the next Town, where I design'd to Dine, that I might enjoy my Amusements with greater Liberty. For, in the Height of my Meditations, I am apt sometimes to fly out into Ecstatick Ejaculations, of Joy, Admiration, Compassion, for the frantick Follies of Men, or any other Affection, according to the Subject I was thinking on. 'Twas a wonderful fine Morning. A small Mist arising from the Vales, began to creep higher, and breaking into Clouds, display'd their gilded Edges, illuminated

nated with the Rays of the Sun in a thousand different Shapes. The chearful Larks, as if they were vying with one another, which shou'd get nearest to Heaven, mounted up all around me to the Top of the Skies, and chanted their Morning Hymns to the Author of their Being. This naturally caus'd me to turn my Thoughts on the wonderful Works of the Creation; the least Part of which is adapted to its respective Ends, with such astonishing Art, as all the Wit and Invention of Man can never come up to: Yet so visible, that it demonstrates the Cause of it to be an Infinitely Wise and Intelligent Being. How is it possible, thought I to myself, that Men pretending to Reason and Knowledge can be ignorant of it? and if not ignorant, how can they be so unnaturally ingrateful, as to refuse him his due Praise! I was so absorb'd in these Cogitations, that I let my Horse carry me whither he wou'd; which indeed was quite a-flant the Road I was to take. Neither did I know, where I was, or how far I was gone, till, on a sudden, my Horse gave a Start that had like to have thrown me off. I made a Shift to resetttle myself in my Saddle; but however, the Shock awaken'd me from my Meditations; and looking to see what he boggl'd at, I found it to be the Rubbish of an old ruin'd Monastery, but what was the Name of it, or where
I was,

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I was, I cou'd not tell. The Seat of the House was in a kind of Theatrical Plain, all furrounded with wild Hills and hanging Woods, with a small River washing the antiquated Walls. This gave me Occasion of fresh Meditations. The Noble Ruins and Plan of the Building, put me in Mind of the Pious Munificence of our Ancestors: Where our former Nobility and Gentry, if they had no other Ends in their Endowments, than Retiring from the Noise of the World, and enjoying that dear *Otium* so much sought after by the most Wise and Great, in the Society of Learned Men, seem'd by that alone to reap an ample Recompence for all their Expences. At least, it made me reflect, what glorious things might be done even now, by Men of Fortune, if they did but set apart, for some publick Emolument, those Superfluous Expences they squander away, without Thought, if not in flagitious Exorbitances. Casting my Eye on the Burying-place, where the Heaps of Rubbish had rais'd a sort of a Monument over the Deceased, rather than buried them in Oblivion, not only put me in Mind of my own Death, but forc'd me almost, whether I wou'd or no, to sigh out the following Ejaculations. Oh! How many Bright and Learned Men lye there forgotten under these Heaps! Perhaps some of the Blood of the Greatest Princes, who shut out the

the World, to live in a Peaceful, Innocent, and Learned Retirement! Perhaps Relations of the Depopulators themselves, and may be, some of my own too! How little are they thought on now, who perhaps were as much distinguished in their Time, for Wit, Parts, Beauty, Strength of Mind and Body, as any can be now-a-days; and yet they are no more. What a senseless Folly must it be, to imagine, that an infinite Wise and Just Creator would fill the World with a Parcel of short-lived Mortals, whose Life is but a Vapour, rising and falling in a Span of Time, without any Hopes, if there were no other Life to be expected? And if there be, what a Madness is it, to prefer a momentary Duration, to a never-ending Futurity? Then again, the mouldering away of those strong-built Walls, made me reflect on the Instability of all Human Things. How we must all turn to Dust at last; and what a little Way that *Last* is off! Alas! said I, there is a Fate, or Kind of Death attending on Castles, Towns; and even Kingdoms, as well as Men! — I was so wrapt up in these salutary Cogitations, that I stood as motionless as a Statue; and can't tell how long I might have continued so, had not two Country-Fellows seeing me in that Posture, burst out a laughing, and cry'd out to one another, *'Flesh, Tom, didst thou ever see a Man dead a Horse-back*

back before? Ay, and his Eyes and Mouth open too, says t'other. I started at the Noise, and turning about, ask'd them the Name of that ancient Place, and how far it was to such a Town? They told me the Place was call'd the Abbey of ——— naming the Name to me, which I am not willing to discover yet, on account of a strange Adventure I had some time after, which I shall reserve for another Occasion. They added, that I was a great way off the Town I named; but was not above an Hour or two's Riding off another Town, which was the Place I was to lye at; but signified, as if they thought I had not been well. I told them I was taking the Dimensions of that ancient Building, for my own Curiosity, as I always did on such Occasions; and desired they wou'd not disturb me. *It may be so,* says one; *and I wish the Man be well in his Wits,* says t'other; so they jogg'd off. However, this Distraction spoil'd my Meditations; so I turn'd my Horse towards the Road to the Town, as the Peasants directed me; well knowing I shou'd meet my Servant there. He was acquainted with my Reveries, particularly in the Morning, and always waited for me at the Town, where I appointed to lye, tho' it were a Day or two. When I came to the Inn, my Landlady, as pretty a Woman as one shall see in a Thousand, came to the Door with
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an inviting Air, to wait on me in; but when she saw my grey Beard and squab Shape, just coldly shew'd me a Room, and ask'd me what I wou'd have for Supper. I was really hungry, having fasted all Day, except a Bisket and a Draught of Sack, I always carry along with me, being subject to such Vagaries: So I order'd a boil'd Fowl, eat heartily, and was walking about the Room, when I saw a young Spark all bedawb'd with Lace, alighting from his Horse. As soon as he saw the pretty Landlady, he cries out, what happy Star conducted me hither! a Beauty by —d, nay, I must have a Kiss — she was not quite so cold as she was to me. — I turn'd off, and was preparing myself for Bed, when in a little Passage before my Door, I heard her cry, *Ten Guineas, you say? My Husband is gone to a Horse-race, and does not come till tomorrow at Twelve o' Clock; the House will be a-Bed —*. Ah! thought I, are the sacred Bonds of Marriage come to this? Or do some People marry pretty Wives to make their Fortunes? What can be more shocking to human Nature? The greatest Barbarians wou'd think it the most unnatural Violation of all that is sacred; and wou'd lose the last Drop of their Blood for the Chastity of their Wives and Daughters; and here we make a Trade of them? Perhaps, thought I again, 'tis the Wickedness
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of the Woman; and the innocent Husband, who doats on her, is only a Skreen to her Lust? What Fury must it be, to take a young Rake, a Stranger; as he was, just come from Town, and perhaps entail a Thousand Misfortunes on herself, Husband and Children! Then I turn'd my Thoughts towards the young Man, who, 'it seems, had a plentiful Fortune, and not only might, at another time, but was actually going down to marry a beautiful young Creature of a Prime Rank. This, thought I, is the Height of Brutality. If he has the least Spark of Reason left, or even common Sense, what Construction can be put on such an Action? Suppose his own Wife shou'd like another Man better than himself, and do the same by him; what Racks of Jealousy, Dissensions in Families, Bastardizing Children, Law-suits, Divorces, and Scandal, wou'd attend it? Why therefore will he do the same in another's Family, he wou'd dread in his own? After that, I began to reflect on the strange deprav'd Taste of the young Fellows of the Town; who are cloy'd with Love before they know what it is. They know nothing of the Raptures of the Heart: The mutual Joys of honourable Love united by long Trials of one another's Fidelity, are quite lost: They begin where they shou'd end. What shou'd be the last Reward of constant Love, is receiv'd from an

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infamous Creature, they must detest in their Hearts ; whom they never saw before, or will see after, and who perhaps despises them in their very Embraces. The innumerable Scenes of Misfortunes that daily attend, and certainly will fall with greater Weight on this Nation, for the horrid Brutalities now almost permitted in it, hinder'd me from closing my Eyes for a great while ; till I reflected, that it was impossible, but the Wisdom of our Legislature, wou'd endeavour to put a Stop to such a Torrent of Disorders. We have severe Laws enough to secure our Property ; yet we see our Youth ruin'd in Health and Fortune, our Race vitiated, our Families, either Extinct, or Bastardized, with innumeral other Misfortunes, caus'd by this almost encourag'd Vice, and seem to take no notice of it. The open Numbers of our common Prostitutes, must be counted by Thousands and Ten Thousands, without being able to compute them ; beside kept Mistresses, wanton Ladies, and worse Wives. The Heathen Rites of *Venus*, in ancient Time, cou'd not be more shocking, than the barefaced Impudence of Thousands of young Whores in the open Streets, and the very Face of the Sun. They not only invite by Signs, but will ask you, nay, lay hold of you, as you go along. 'Tis the Man now that denies, not the Woman : You will hear them talk of, and name the most shame-

shameful things, without the least Sign of Modesty, the lewdest Men wou'd blush at: Horrid Songs, expressing the most detestable Actions, are sung Night and Day by young Girls scarce in their Teens, while Crowds of Listners are sucking in the Poison, and likely to entail a Breed on us ten times worse, if it be possible, than what we have already. 'Tis become a publick Trade; We have Merchants and Factors of Vener'y, as regular as any other Business; and I am sure more likely to thrive. An almost universal Contempt of Vertue, Piety, Religion, and all that is sacred, appears visibly, and not only in our young Men of all Degrees, but of all Ages and Conditions. Not to mention the execrable Abominations committed every Night in the Generality of our Publick Taverns and other Houses; that if the Legislature does not take Care, in time, it will be impossible to stop the Torrent from bearing all before it; and will find it the hardest Task they ever undertook.

This melancholly Scene kept me awake a long Time: However, I got up as early as I cou'd, and pursued my Journey, without any particular Adventure, except being met by a Highway-man, in a very close crooked Lane, which might have been more fatal to the Thief, than myself; only my Humanity hinder'd. I had commanded my

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Servant, on such Occasions, never to resist; since it was better to lose a little Money, than run the Risque of losing one's Life, or even killing the Aggressor, who, for aught I knew, was induced by mere Necessity, and might live to repent. However, at that time, I had sent my Servant to Town before me, to see that my Lodgings were put to Rights, and such other little Affairs. The Highway-man accosted me very civilly, and bid me not be frightened, for he would do me no Harm, he only wanted a little Money. That if I were a Man of a small Fortune, he desir'd but a Guinea or Two: But, if what I had would be no great Loss to me, he bid me be ingenuous, and shew him all I had. I answer'd him as unconcernedly, that his best Way was to make off as fast as he cou'd, or he would certainly be taken: For there were Four Gentlemen, with Servants, all well arm'd coming just out of the Wood after me; that my Servant was just gone before, who, at the Noise, would alarm the Country t'other way — I had scarce said these Words, when the Gentlemen bolted out of the Wood, so nigh us, that it was impossible for him to escape: His Horse was tired, and no very good one at the best. He look'd at the Danger with the greatest Steadiness I ever observ'd, which made me take a sort of a Kindness for the Man: So I had the

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Presence of Mind to ask aloud, how all Friends did in *Huntingtonshire*. He took the Hint, and answer'd in the same Tone, they were all very well; and if ever I came that way, wou'd be overjoy'd to see me. By this time the Gentlemen came up to us, and seeing us acquainted, took no further Notice. I had so little Apprehension of the Man, that I staid alone with him, and told him I was now at his Mercy, as he had been at mine. No, Sir, says he, cutting me short, I wou'd defend your Life at the Expence of my own, for your Generosity; and shall look on ye as my Preserver as long as I live: How long that will be, I can't tell; nor do I much care, considering my present Circumstances. He said this in a despairing Tone, with his Eyes swell'd as if he were going to weep: I ask'd him who he was, and what brought him to such Courses. He begg'd me to excuse telling his Name; that he was of a Gentleman's Family, and had been put to a Merchant by his Father, who was dead, and had disinherited him for his Extravagances: That the first Occasion of his Misfortunes was, on going to *Tunbridge Wells*, a kept Mistress of a certain Lord cast her Eyes on him, and seeming to fall in Love with him, drew him into her Acquaintance, and maintain'd him at her Lord's Expence, for some time; but the Intrigue being discover'd,

ver'd, she was turn'd off, and he was forced to maintain her in his Turn. This brought him to the Acquaintance of others like themselves, where his Extravagances made him spend more than his Father cou'd, or wou'd allow him. He added, that after he had seen the Wickedness of those Creatures he was engag'd with, if his Father had sent him a sufficient Sum to get clear of all his Incumbrances, he believed he shou'd have quitted them entirely: But his Father being informed of all his Ways, cut him off from all Hopes of enjoying any thing of his Inheritance, and dy'd soon after. That the perpetual Cries of his lewd Acquaintance push'd him on to take that desperate Course. I can assure you, Sir, says he, by woful Experience, that those Whores are the most mischievous Part, and almost the first Causes of all our Misfortunes: They care not what becomes of the Men, but push us on to the most horrid Crimes, to maintain their Wickedness. I really pitied the Man, and reflected on an Apothegm of a very wise Nation, That the *Bravest Men come to the Gallows, and the Prettiest Women to the Stews.* I told him I had not time, nor was it proper to stay long; but gave him five Guineas for his present Occasions, with Directions where he shou'd find me in Town, and added, if he was really resolv'd to change his Life, I

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might put him in a way to live honestly: He left me with Tears in his Eyes, and the greatest Signs of Gratitude Words cou'd express; so we parted on the next open Downs. I shall only acquaint the Reader, that some time after, he came to my Laboratory, and expressed himself in such a manner, that I was convinced of his Sincerity. I told him, I had lately seen an Advertisement, that if such a Person named there wou'd return to his Uncle, he might make him Heir of all his Estate. He answer'd me, without much Surprize, that he was the Man: And begg'd me to advise him what to do. I bid him put himself in a handsome modest Dress, and go down to him: I supplied him with what he wanted: He behav'd so well, that his Uncle made him his Heir; and to shew he was really become a New Man, he sent me a Bill of Five Hundred Guineas, to indemnify me, or to employ in what Uses I thought proper, adding that he shou'd trouble me with the Disposal of more on some other Occasions. He lives now an Example of Worth and Honour to all who have the Happiness of his Acquaintance.

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The Author arrives at Merlin's Cave, and of what pass'd between Him and Merlin.

THE Affair of the Highway-man gave Occasion to a great many serious Reflections, as I went along. But my Thoughts were chiefly taken up about another Person I had in View, who had suffer'd the strangest Metamorphosis I ever met with; partly from his vast Fortune, and partly on account of the astonishing Success attending him in all his Affairs; which his insupportable Pride attributed to his own Merits, tho' it fell out by a Providential Chain of Causes and Effects, entirely unknown to him, and the unthinking Part of Mankind. The Metamorphosis, I mention'd, was a total Forgetfulness of himself, Friends, Benefactors, Principles of Honour, Religion, Morals, and, in fine, every good Quality he had before. All his Actions were influenced by Ambition or Interest: His Intentions double and treacherous: His more free Discourse profane, and blasphemous: He ridicul'd all the Duties of Life, unless when they serv'd for a Cloak to his wicked Views. He often declar'd solemnly, that he believ'd nothing to be evil in itself, but what was hurtful to his Health, or Estate, or render'd him obnoxious to the

Laws. In short, he was as thorough-pao'd a Free-thinker, as the horrid Principles of *Machiavel, Toland, Tindal, Collins, &c.* cou'd make him. I was in the charitable Disposition of trying what I cou'd do with this Gentleman, when I parted from my grateful Highway-man, and was so absorb'd with the Reflexions of the dismal Consequences of ill Company, and the Conversation of irreligious Persons, either dead or alive, that I had almost forgot *Merlin's Cave*, till casting my Eyes from the delightful Eminence above that rich Flat, wherein it stands, it revived the Desire I had to make a Visit to the Commemorative Habitation of that *quondam* Great Man; not on account of *Stephen Duck*, the thrashing Poet, or his Jolly Spouse, the Guardianess of the Sacred Place; but out of a profound Veneration for that renown'd Magician, who, in his time, was one of the greatest Masters of the Occult Sciences, as ever Nature, or Art produced. I reflected, that, tho' the Vulgar knew very little of the Reasons, why a Cave above Ground shou'd be consecrated to a noted Conjuror rather than a Saint; yet I was sure there was something extraordinary in it. For if it had been Consecrated to a Saint, it had been Rank Popery: If to any Genius of the Place, it border'd upon Heathenism. So a Conjuror was justly chose to avoid one; and the

the Resemblance of our famous Queen *Elizabeth* being placed by him in a consulting Posture, was a Demonstration there was nothing of *Bopery* in't. I made this further Reflexion; that since the late Act of Parliament gave all Persons Leave to go to Conjurers, under what Form they pleas'd, provided it was not to tell future Events, *Merlin* was judiciously pitch'd on, as being the greatest Master in the Black Art. I order'd my Horse to be put up in the best Inn, and taking a Glas of Sack and a Bisket, my usual Cordial to keep up my Spirits, not knowing how long I might be detain'd, I walk'd gravely down to the *August Grott*. I had almost forgot to tell the Reader, that I made my Offering of a Guinea to the Priestess, before I went in; which is contrary to the Custom, but I had a Mind to sweeten her at the Beginning, that she might not disturb me if I staid longer than ordinary; being sure she wou'd hold her Hand open to me as I went out. The Golden Obligation made her drop me one of her most respectful Courtesies: So in I went; not without a certain Awe, such sacred Ground is us'd to inspire. As soon as I came within Sight of the venerable Effigy, 'tis wonderful to relate the Reverend Sire prevented my Salutations; and advancing three times three Steps, cries out, Hail, great *Philander*! chief Master of the Occult

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Sciences, in this Age of Unbelief and Wick-
edness! Welcome, thrice Welcome to this
Sacred Grott! Long have I expected this
Visit, foreseen by my Art so many Years
before! Yourself and the Great *Fryar Ba-*
con, are the only Persons I open'd my Eyes
to, since my long Sleep. He was the Per-
son design'd by *Ariel*, my great Master, to
make the Brazen Head speak, *Time is;*
Time was, and Time's past: And you are
the Person appointed so long ago, to bring
the Psychoptick Looking-Glass to its last
Perfection. I want only to see my dear Son
S—ft; then I shall not open my Eyes,
or Mouth again, for many Ages. He has
under Hand such Things as will astonish
the World! — Inventions of Art deny'd
to myself! But — come into this Holy
Recess; and here let us enjoy those De-
lightful Colloquies, too sacred to be com-
municated to vulgar Ears. With that, not
giving me time to return his Compliments,
which brought a glowing Blush all over my
Face, he took me by the Hand, and pla-
cing me, against my Will, on his Right,
when we were immediately surrounded
with a filmy Veil, cloudy to all without,
but exceeding the Brightness of the Sun to
us within, and kept us so conceal'd from
Human Eyes; that even the Priests, tho'
perfectly acquainted with the darkest Cor-
ners, could not descry us, if she were to
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search her Eyes out. The Hiding-place for herself and others, on certain Occasions, was not half so secret. Being thus placed unseen to all, he embraced me once more : And, Son, says he, your diurnal and nocturnal Labours for the Good of your own Species, are so pleasing to all Professors of Art, that I am permitted to shew thee all the Secrets of the Earth, past, present, and to come. This Book, continu'd he contains all that ever did, or shall happen to the Sons of Men : Whether Revolutions of Empires and Kingdoms, and the Causes thereof ; or those of private Men : Let me only anoint thy Eyes with this *Collyrium*, and all will appear at one Glance. Here I stept back a little and said, that we had Laws of late prohibiting us to pry into Futurity : That 'tis made criminal to foretell what wou'd happen to private Persons, much more Affairs of State. So I begg'd to be excus'd, lest, being a mortal Man, and liable to Vanity and other human Failings, I shou'd be tempted to discover Secrets, as might be hurtful to myself and others : But that I was very desirous to see the Revolutions and secrets Springs of Affairs, of past Ages ; or whatever he thought proper for him to shew, or myself to publish. He said, my Reasons were good ; that Laws were to be observ'd ; particularly those of such Consequence : So, he open'd a Book, the most

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most wonderful my Eyes ever beheld: 'Twas infinitely more resplendent than the finest Chrystal; and display'd a Light beyond the brightest Rays of the Sun. Methought I saw all that pass'd in the World at one Glance; yet, with the least Turn, I cou'd see each distinct Particular. He clapp'd a magnifying Glass upon't, made with such Art, that those by which we discover the Spots in the Sun; or by which some People saw the late lurking Comet, were nothing to it. It discover'd Millions and Millions of People rising and falling into nothing, in a Moment. There I saw Empires, Kingdoms, Commonwealths, with all the Glory and Grandeur of the most exalted Nations, thrusting one another down a Precipice, into an immense Gulph, which swallow'd all up, and left no Remains behind. The most glorious Beginnings always ended at last in the most horrid Confusion. Then he gave a Slant with his Glass, and shew'd me the same Kingdoms in a particular Manner, just as they were in the Height of their Glory; seemingly so establish'd at first, that nothing cou'd shake them. The first that offerr'd it self was the mighty Empire of *Affyria*, that extended its Bounds over all the known Earth, and continued almost a Thousand Years. But see, Son, says he, it is going to be torn to Pieces by the Factions of the *Medes* and *Babylonians*, caus'd
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at first by an Inundation of Vice and Impiety. 'Tis true, it struggl'd for some time, and held up its Head a little, by the Courage and Conduct of the great *Nebuchadnezzar*; but falling again into the Depth of Vice and Corruption, it is entirely destroy'd; See a Handful of *Persians*, innured to Virtue and Labour, daring to attack that overgrown Bulk of Sin and Immorality; and all its Glory overturn'd by the Virtue and Piety of the *Grand Cyrus*. But alas! those virtuous Conquerors, grown drunk with Power, become more vicious and effeminate than those they subdued: Nothing is held sacred and inviolable, in the Tide of their Vice and Luxury; particularly in their beastly Lewdness. See *Cambyfes*, Son of the Conqueror, marrying his own Sister, and murdering his brave Brother *Smerdis*: See *Xerxes's* Family butchering one another for his Brother's Wife: *Artaxerxes* marrying his own Daughter, and deflouring his Granddaughter by the same: See his numerous and spurious Offspring destroying one another like wild Beasts, with all the monstrous Train of Abominations following after. So that in a third Space of Time from the former, they fall a Prey to the rapid *Macedonians*, who bear down all before them like a Torrent. But how long do these keep it! Just as long as they persisted in the Steps of their virtuous Ancestors.

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tors. The very Conqueror, with a Train of Whores at his Heels, and at the Instigation of a Whore, in a Drunken Fit, sets Fire to the famous *Persopolis*, the greatest Miracle for Art and Grandeur in the World. Behold! he goes off the Stage, and all his Glory along with him, in the space of Ten or Twelve Years! All his Race, to a Man, are destroy'd by his Successors; who devour one another, more by their Vices than the Sword; and sink under the Gravity and Severity of the *Romans*. Here you see what a Free People, girded by Vertue and Justice, cou'd do. The World obey'd them more for their Laws than their Legions. But when they fell into the Vices of Slaves, with all the Immoralities and Impieties of those they subdued, they ran the same Fate, and were tore to Pieces by those they despised, as mere Slaves and Barbarians. Thou mayest see the Subdivisions, and petty Kingdoms cut out from that Empire, often run the same Fate. And wherever thou seest that ugly, deform'd Monster, Vice and Immorality, undermining a State, thou mayest depend upon it, sooner or later, its Fall is inevitable. O my Dear Country, *Britain*! what hast thou suffer'd, and wilt suffer for the same Cause! Neither *Vortimer*, nor *Aurelius Ambrosius*, nor *Uter Pendragon*, nor my dearest *Pupil*, the Renown'd King *Arthur*, cou'd remedy the Consequences of

of this Ruiner of Kingdoms, Vice and Impiety. Yet we encourage it in all its Shapes; and publickly ridicule the most Sacred Precepts. Here the good old Seer wiped off some Tears that ran down his aged Cheeks. But recovering his pristine Serenity, I forgot to shew thee, says he, the Commonwealth of *Carthage*: The only State that ever rais'd itself by Wickedness and Treachery. There it is in its most flourishing Condition, making Head against the *Romans*, and almost thought a Match for *Rome* it self. No State ever carried Human Policy to a greater Height. Nothing was thought unlawful, that cou'd contribute to gain their Ends. They broke thro' all the most sacred Tyes, without Scruple: They were the greatest Free-thinkers and Free-actors in the world; and 'twas that very vicious Policy that destroy'd them. Their Want of Faith, Justice, and Truth, render'd them so hateful to all the Earth, that, in a few Ages, the whole Race and Name of the Nation was no more known, but in the Accounts of their Misfortune. Their Mother *Tyre*, also, the most trading City on the habitable Earth, that sent her Ships to the furthest *Indies*, East and West; and establish'd Ports and Places of Security in the most unknown Creeks and Islands; was destroy'd by Vice and Luxury, and scarce a Stone left upon another. There stood

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stood *Ninivey*, the Head of the World, whose Length was the Journey of a Kingdom; now not known, but in this Book: There the mighty *Babylon*: There *Thebes*, with its Hundred Gates, with Thousands of other famous Cities of old, now all bury'd in Dust, by the same Cause; and can we think, this Metropolis, or this petty Island can subsist, when it takes the same Courses? Here a Tear or two dropt from him again: He paused a while, and seem'd to throb inwardly, at some great Misfortunes he saw hanging over us. But recollecting himself, he said, perhaps, my Son, thou hast a mind to see the Progress of the Race of Mortals, and the Rise and Fall of Families, so much wrapt up in the Dark, that most Men are ignorant of the Origin from whence they spring. Cast thy Eyes then this way, and behold things unknown to all the World beside. With that, he turn'd over some Leaves of his Mystical Book, and shewed me a Numberless Succession of Men following one another in the most unequal Series of States and Conditions, as is possible to imagine. There you might see the Race and Offspring of mighty Potentates dwindling away in the most wretched Scenes of Poverty and Misery; and the Children of their Loins scattered over the Face of the Earth: Then again you might see a Train of the most despicable Mortals ascending to
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Dignities ; some gradually ; some all of a sudden rais'd to the highest Pitch of Glory and Power : Sometimes continuing in that Blaze of Fortune for Generations ; then falling in the same manner to the lowest Ebb of miserable Wretches, almost beneath the Rank of Human Creatures. Here you saw a String of Vagabonds, and the very Scum of the Earth going on in the same Condition, for whole Ages, without the least Change. Then all of a sudden, a single Person steps out, sometimes a Man, sometimes a Woman ; and goes out again like a Flash, or continuing but a little while. In another Place, we saw a Race of Heroes, from Father to Son, almost from the beginning of the World ; and tho' translated from one Part of the Earth to another, still continue in Splendor : Till matching with some ignoble Race or lustful Woman, stain'd their Blood. Then they suffer'd the same Metamorphoses as the others. In another Part of the Book, one might see the most horrid Scenes of Barbarity and Desolation, ravaging one Part of the Globe, with Persons of all Ranks, Ages and Sexes, torn to Pieces by their own Species. When perhaps, after a long Series of Generations, quite in a different Part of it, you might see the Descendants of the same Tyrants served in the same Manner by the Descendants of the others. In fine, he shew'd me
such

such an immense Scene of the Vicissitudes of Grandeur, Misery and Confusion, with different Tides of Fortune rolling in upon one another, that I had scarce any Spirit left in me, to ask him what was the Meaning of all this. Son, says he, these are the various Successions of the Children of Men, rising and falling from the beginning of Time, and will do so to the End on't. The different Revolutions of their Fortunes and Conditions, from Glory to Misery, and *vice versa*, thou seest, are caused by their Wickedness, and Violence of their own Passions, or those of others, in Punishment of former Crimes. How many Thousand miserable Wretches are now in the World, who sprung from the greatest Tyrants, or powerful, but wicked Men, who scatter'd their lustful Spawn over the Face of the Earth, wherever they came, without any other Care, but only to satisfy their brutal Passions? Do'st thou think the mighty Men of ancient Times left no Spawn behind them, with their Whores and Concubines? Beside what they scatter'd in different Nations, or in their Wars and Conquests; or when they were conquer'd themselves and dispersed thro' the different Regions of the Earth? Their Posterity indeed is lost in the Eyes of Men, but not in the Eyes of the Almighty Power, who can permit the Crimes of the Wicked
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to become the greatest Punishment of themselves. If thou hast a Mind to descend to more Particulars, see those poor Beggars scraping the Dunghills for a Bit of Bread. They are descended from that Great Rich Man there, who, by the Force of his Money, brought what Woman he pleas'd to his Lustful Bed. That poor Coward, who is begging his Life in a Manner beneath the Dignity of a Man, is descended from one of the greatest Generals of his Time, who mixed his Blood with a wretched Whore, sprung from a Miscreant, who was a Blot to his own Species. Those Justful Brutes there wallowing in their filthy Abominations are the Descendants of a famous Courtesan, who rais'd her Fortune by the Excess of her Lewdness. Those Blasphemous Wretches, who are railing against the Deity, denying his Providence, and making all Right to consist in Power and Policy, they are the Descendants of *Hannibal* and his faithless *Carthaginians*, who left their wretched Spawn behind them when they pass'd thro' *Gaul* into *Italy*. I cou'd shew thee the Ruin of States and the greatest Families, caus'd by some Brutal Passion, or the Intrigues of a Strumpet; as well as the true Occasion why the Race of the greatest Heroes have degenerated into such wretched Mortals as are a Disgrace to their Species; but let this suffice. Stay, says he of a sudden,

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den, look yonder, almost at the Beginning of the World, see a Man gathering up a shining Bit of Metal from the Side of a Rock, and staring at it, as if he were out of himself. See also an evil Genius at his Ear, teaching him how to turn it into *Species*. That is the unfortunate Man, who first invented the Trading Use of Gold. See in a short time the endless Mischiefs it causes. With what insatiable Greediness Mortals run after it! What an Inundation of Miseries attends it! See how they tear one another to Pieces to get it into their Possession! how it subverts Kingdoms and States, when the united Force of mighty Armies cou'd not do it. How all the Secrets, all the most Sacred Ties of Nature and Duty lye open to it! With that he shew'd me an impregnable Castle besieg'd by a Hundred Thousand Valiant Men, and attack'd by all the Force and Art of War, but all in vain; When a little sniveling Fellow came up with a Golden Wand in his Hand, and immediately the Gates flew open, and all submitted to the Will of the Conqueror. But, my Son, says he, 'tis needless to tell thee the Efficacy of this Omnipotent Metal. The Incomparable Work thou hast now in thy Thoughts, will shew forth the Wonderful Effects of it, and thy own Praise to After-Ages; tho' perhaps the Envy and Malice of this present Generation will not value it,

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This Part of Futurity I will tell thee against thy Will, that thy Book will live when Thousands of others shall perish. Thy Lucubrations shall have the Honour to stand upon the same Shelf with my Dearest Sons, *S—ft*, and *P--pe*, who want nothing but to have lived a Thousand Years ago, to have the same Rank with *Homer*, *Horace* and *Virgil*. With that he drew the filmy Veil that surrounded, us, embraced me, and dismiss'd me. I came that Evening to my Laboratory, where I am ready to assist all those who come with proper Dispositions.

F I N I S.



